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"Coffee house, Rome", one of a series of drawing made by David Allan in Italy in 1774. It can be seen at an exhibition of Allan's work, Sacraments and Bacchanals. Watercolours and Drawings on Sacred and Profane Themes, at the National Gallery of Scotland until March 31.

<p>Commentary:</p> <p>Richard Payne Knight, 'Kitaj's Compass', Sir Edwin Landseer</p>	<p>Fiction:</p> <p>Kazuo Ishiguro, Marin Preda, George MacBeth</p>
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Helen Gardner at Harvard, by Denis Donoghue

"Coffee house, Rome", one of a series of drawing made by David Allan in Italy in 1774. It can be seen at an exhibition of Allan's work, Sacraments and Bacchanals Watercolours and Drawings on Sacred and Profane Themes, at the National Gallery of Scotland until March 31.

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FEBRUARY 19 1982

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The boundaries of conflict

By Geoffrey Best

JAMES TURNER JOHNSON:
Just War Tradition and the Restraint
of War
380pp. Princeton University Press.
£20.50.
0 691 07263 9

James Turner Johnson of Rutgers University is one of that growing band of thoughtful persons who believe that the old idea of restraint of war is a good one, and are not unhelpful of re-interpreting the late-twentieth-century world in it.

This is not pacifism. Proper pacifism is declining absolutely to be party to the collective use of force, will indeed find much to sympathize with in Professor Johnson's arguments. He hates war as they do. But the ancient tradition within which he stands, and of which his books (in 1975 he published *Ideology, Reason and the Limitation of War*) have made him one of our best expositors, forbids him to believe either that war actually can be got rid of or that it is necessarily a wholly bad thing. The just war tradition is about what sorts of war are justified, and how they may least indecently be fought. He notes with sympathy Pope Paul VI's use of J. F. Kennedy's words: "Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind". Clearly some sorts of war can do that and, he would agree, are all too likely to do so if we fail to get hold of them first; but without a gloss to that effect, such words are merely "simplistic conceptualising", expressing "secular utopian hopes", and are not, he goes to some pains in his last chapter to show, representative of what the Papacy and other repositories of the tradition really hold. His book is designed not simply to elucidate the content of the tradition but also to persuade us that, because it is built into our culture, it is in fact more familiar to us than we normally realize or even like to think. One may guess that nothing would satisfy him more than to be the means of revealing to readers who have never suspected such softness in themselves, that they have been adherents to the just war tradition all along.

The history of wars and warfare in our own century does not at first

sight encourage confidence in this thesis. The principle of restraint in warfare must be admitted latterly to have taken a bashing. If war is "total", as the two world wars and some others are generally said to have been, what restraint can survive in it? Does not modern military technology's quantum leap ahead of international organization and popular sensibility actually make restraint much more difficult? And have some recent wars been not merely total but - what "total", it is worth noting, does not have to mean - exterminatory? Such questions demand to be answered. Except perhaps for the extermination one, they can be.

To remark that Johnson and his just war tradition have nothing to say to the would-be exterminator is not, however, to depreciate him or it, for who else and what other moral or political traditions can say anything effective to those - be their definition tribal, religious, racial or ideological - who sincerely and determinedly seek not just the defeat and even subjugation of their enemies but, literally, their extermination? Nineteenth-century man could argue, not implausibly, that the adv-

ance and spread of civilization would cure mankind of such atrocious old longings. Twentieth-century man has tragically learnt to be more cautious, but for Johnson, as for Augustine and Aquinas, Victoria and Vattel, patriarchs of the tradition, wars of extermination are understood to be beyond the mental pale of the adult person of ordinarily developed moral sentiments. A war with extermination of the enemy among its purposes is therefore by definition a moral monstrosity. But resistance against an enemy thus motivated is unquestionably justified, as also might well be pre-emptive action to nip such monstrosity in the bud. "Just War" is not about avoiding war at all costs. It can be about undertaking wars one might otherwise rather avoid. If the will to exterminate is more commonly to be met with in our own generations than it used to be, that can only keep extended the range of good causes for which wars may justifiably be fought; regrettably though, it must at the same time reduce the chances of restraint being observed in them.

Apart from that sinister tendency, warfare's characteristic modern de-

velopments are not intrinsically and unmanageably beyond reach of restraint. Johnson very properly insists that invention, even possession in useable quantity, of Vulcan's latest gifts to Mars does not absolutely oblige the recipient to use them; likewise, that some of those gifts are as capable of lawful uses - properly discriminating and proportionate uses - as others are incapable thereof. And the fact is that in very few of the so-called "total wars" of the past two centuries has restraint wholly collapsed. Johnson's Chapter 8 perhaps takes the term "total war" too seriously. It is, after all, only a term of convenience, used by historians and military analysts to indicate some significant relative toughening of this or that aspect of it. No one will wish to deny that of all the many parts of Europe's twenty years' war against French hegemony (1794-1815), the Spanish part was the most unrestrained and atrocious, all too aptly finding its illustration in Goya. Johnson accepts Jomini's identification of it as a new-style national war in the sense of "a spontaneous uprising of a nation", "grand and noble" in some respects yet with "consequences so terrible that, for the sake of

humanity, we ought to hope never to see it".

Total war in that sense would become in course of time the people's guerrilla partisan war of our day, a species of warfare evidently difficult to conduct, from either side, with reliable restraint; yet restraints of the conventional kind have been considerably observed in some such conflicts - by Mao's red army, for example, and Castro's national liberators, and in their early stages the Viet Cong - and the Geneva conferences of the 1970s for updating the law of war affirmed that legal restraint was just as possible in this sort of war as in the more "conventional" sort. Johnson is surely right to conclude that people's war does not have to be as horrible as it was in that Iberian prototype. Likewise, he demonstrates that other types of total war, "ideological war" and "holy war" as he classifies them, do not necessarily exclude restraint, though they may do so, and in well-known instances have done so. The people waging them, moral agents that they are, have freedom to choose whether to keep within the tradition or not. At least some of it is likely to survive, in however fragmentary a form. Much thus survived among the German military even when under Nazi governance and lending themselves to the eastern front never wholly gave up complaining about the atrocities wrought by the SS: the Waffen SS, wherever they went, flaunted a peculiarly lofty sense of honour, not entirely corrupted; Admiral Doenitz, ardent Nazi though he wished to be thought, nevertheless insisted that so far as he and his navy went, theirs was "a respectable firm" and Nuremberg did not in the end deny it.

So, through even such vicissitudes and in such dark company, this great tradition has survived, and provides in fact the vocabulary and perspectives of our common appraisal of the conduct of war. (Just think of the readiness with which most of us recognize the concept of "atrocities" and acknowledge the propriety of punishment of war crimes.) It has, however, become much less familiar to us as a means of appraising the merits of the case for going to war in the first place. To get that side of it

The Hands

after the German of Erich Arendt

To the chopping-block, on which the former Sebastian split
Logs against the Asturian cold,
The Guardia Civil would shove him and spit:
Now clench the fist with which you made so bold.

Four of them held him under.
He writhed and whimpered, in a state of shock.
The axe would fall, and sunder
The hands that had quarrelled rock.

With bloody stumps he loped across the land.
They laughed as they shot after him. And when he blared
One came over to stop his mouth with loam.

He lay dead in the field. But his far-fetched hands
Would stir at night, and the villagers heard
The flats come blattering on their windows, looking for home.

Paul Muldoon

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in defence of the imagination? What is the evidence that it needs a defence? It is true that some critics emphasize the constraints within which an artist works, and that the emphasis in a few instances amounts to scepticism. The constraints are supposed to be categorical rather than contingent; they are facts of meaning and reference. Such critics are reluctant to talk of genius, or to ascribe to an artist the powers of creativity and spontaneity which have traditionally been associated with genius. No matter: even if we agreed to forswear the word, we would still talk of talent, as Eliot did, and think that some people have more than the common allowance of talent. What difference does it make whether we call Balunceline a genius or a talent? Or if we emphasize that as a choreographer he is constrained by the limitations of the human body? It remains true that his talent is extraordinary, and that the bodies of his consummate dancers – the names of Merrill Ashley, Susanne Ferrell, Peter Martins, and Ib Anderson come to mind – are such as to make talk of constraint seem impertinent. When you see Ferrell and Martins dancing *Mozartiana*, you are aware of constraint, and of the grace and ease with which it seems to be transcended. Epistemological scepticism is another story, and not an especially lively one. I don't see why Dame Helen should feel either dispirited or angry, or think that her life needs, in its kind, to be justified or defended.

Her last lecture was largely autobiographical. She told of her early career in teaching and research, how she wanted to work on Shakespeare and Donne but stepped aside for a while to study the later-fourteenth-century mystics: the author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*, Walter Hilton, and Julian of Norwich. But the war came, and she took to more urgent tasks. In March 1940, reading Eliot's *East Coker*, she knew that some part of her life should be given to his poetry, and these were developed in her first book, published in 1949 when she was forty-one: *The Art of T. S. Eliot*. Eliot, Shakespeare, Donne, the twentieth

century and the seventeenth: these have remained her chief professional concerns, though she has ranged far beyond them on many occasions. She has been a formidable presence in Oxford. A member of the Robbins Commission, she has been influential in matters of educational policy, the organization of universities, the provision for teaching and research. She has thought it worthwhile to take part in the BBC radio programme "The Critics".

A small part of the last lecture is concerned with Eliot, but in fact his work is constantly present in these Norton lectures, whether it is mentioned or not. Phrases from Eliot recur to Dame Helen's mind so easily, and with such telling force, that it is entirely proper that they appear without the marks of quotation. In the forty years during which Eliot concerned himself, from time to time, with literary criticism, there were many arguments on the theory and practice of criticism. But he maintained his general impression that the business of criticism was business as usual. In "The Frontiers of Criticism" (1956) he glanced at certain questions in the understanding and enjoyment of poetry, but he did not take up any strictly theoretical issues. At the end, he acknowledged that "these last thirty years have been, I think, a brilliant period in literary criticism in both Britain and America", but his real sense of the matter was given in the next sentence: "It may even come to seem, in retrospect, too brilliant." Now that "brilliant" has almost ceased to be a word of praise, it is easy to suggest that Eliot's attitude and Dame Helen's are, on the question of modern criticism, contiguous. What Eliot thought brilliant, with a severely limiting sense of that word, Dame Helen thinks wilful, perverse, and ultimately frivolous. But she has not produced convincing evidence. A coherent impression of contemporary criticism cannot be given by disparaging with Stanley Fish and Frank Kermode: very different critics, each is a special case rather than an extraordinary instance of the ordinary. There are many other critics who have defined attitudes and programmes worth arguing about, but Dame Helen has not adverted to them.

Dismantling literature

By Lachlan Mackinnon

ROBERT CON DAVIS (Editor): *The National Father*. Lacanian Readings of the Text. 206pp. Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press. \$15. 0 87023 111 1

Louis MacNeice wrote of "the drunkenness of things being various": Lacanians suffer the hangover. "Our ideal reader... comes to Lacanian thought for an important perspective on how to dismantle standard presences in literature, such as father figures, mother substitutes, Christ figures, neurotics, and outsiders, and to find, instead, functions and transformations in fiction that can be examined critically in the context of their real environment – within narrative structure" – writes Robert Con Davis, who has brought together a distinguished team of American and French critics to show us "how to dismantle... literature" from the *Odyssey* through *Black House*, Melville, Joyce and Faulkner to Donald Barthelme's *The Dead Father* (1975). The Americans, with the exception of John T. Irwin, a chapter of whose *Doubtful and Insecure* (1976; on Faulkner) is reproduced, are more different than the French about the wholesale application of Lacanian thought, but as the book's title emphasizes the Lacanian aspect, we should focus on that.

Each of the texts covered has a brilliant surface of language and effect. (Barthelme's is exceptional, only because it is also very boring, but Davis implausibly excuses this by a search in Barthelme's terms for "bills" rather than "pleasures"). Under the punitive gaze of Lacan's disciples, however, they tend to merge into one text which reiterates the same themes. Indeed, if, as

Lacan says, the unconscious is structured like a language, it has, on this showing, a minimal vocabulary, for all it really understands is the name-of-the-father, the symbolic fount of law, culture and personal identity. In narrative, it plays at the impossible journey from desire to fulfillment, hunting the phallus which nobody can possess.

Lacan told rebellious students that, as revolutionaries, they were seeking a master, and that they would find one. The critics in this collection have risen against the symbolic paternal authority of the author, but rather than allow the text's polymorphous, perverse indeterminacy to sweep them into Barthelme's unashamed hedonism, they are arrested by the returning figure of the father in a new and distorted form, that of Lacan himself. The father is indeed, as Barthelme puts it, "a motherfucker", for by leaving only his name behind he perpetually evades his own dismantling into the variety of real literary experience. Lacan himself began as a surrealist fellow-traveller. What he seems to have brought away from those years, and to have communicated to his followers, is a determination that its works shall ever again seem so divergent, so lively or so surprising.

Robert Penn Warren's *Critical Perspectives*, edited by Neil Nakadate (328pp. University Press of Kentucky. \$20. 0 8131 1425 X) is a collection of studies of the writer's poetry and fiction. The volume contains two essays by Warren; "All the King's Men: The Matrix of Experience" and "The Way Brother to Dr. Jones was written". Other contributors include John Crowe Ransom on "The Inklings of the Original Sin", James Wright on "The Sift of the Mind", Warren and A. L. Clements on "Sacramental Vision".



"The Reconciliation between Britannia and her daughter America", 1782, from James Madison and the Search for Nationhood (174pp. Library of Congress. 0 844 0363 6).

Looking westward

By Zachary Leader

MALCOLM BRADBURY and HOWARD TEMPERLEY (Editors): *Introduction to American Studies*. 331pp. Longman. £12.50 (paperback £5.50). 0 582 48903 2

American Studies (or North American or United States Studies) is meant to be a branch of cultural studies, an attempt, say Malcolm Bradbury and Howard Temperley to cross-fertilize the chronological perspective of the historian with the insights of social scientists and cultural critics. Like structuralism in France, they argue, it grew up in the 1950s and 1960s, part of a larger tendency in academic life "to move away from subject specialism toward more inclusive views of study". Among its younger and less established cousins are Women's Studies and Black Studies.

But one obvious and important difference between American Studies and structuralism is the former's relative freedom from (or with) problems of theory. Bradbury and Temperley cite an early and influential essay by Henry Nash Smith, entitled "Can 'American Studies' Develop a Method?" (1957), as representative of what Smith calls for in this essay is "principled opportunism" rather than any more ambitious or systematic methodology. On the evidence of the present volume, his call is still being heeded, "making of American Studies", in its editors' approving words, "an open-ended and various area of enquiry".

The result, even for one wary of weary of theoretical wrangling, is disappointing. The book's twelve introductory essays, each specially commissioned and jointly written by a scholar in American history and one in American literature (all of whom lecture in British universities, and seven of whom, like the editors, teach in the American Studies programme at East Anglia), tend to collapse into their constituent disciplines; so that their constituent disciplinary material on "The Frontiers of Criticism", for example, or "The Twenties", means ten pages of history (there are no contributors from the social sciences) followed by a comparable chunk on literature, including some (but not much) popular and non-literary culture. (In several essays this division of material is reversed, of the halves are split up and interspersed into chapters, but the dominant impression remains: literature and art take second place, as manifestations of perspective or ideology; a potentially limiting but not avoidable.) This makes the essays very introductory indeed, especially since they aim to cover everything, moving chronologically from the "New Found Land" (a twenty-page opening chapter on the history and literature of exploration, discovery, colonization, and American puritanism) to a com-

parably jammed concluding essay entitled "The Twenties and Seventies". In effect, the co-authors of each chapter have to compress two introductory essays (often cramped to begin with) into one. Hence the clogged prose of sentences like "Whig ideology, leavened in the colonies by Commonwealth radicalism owing something to European historians such as Paul de Rapin-Thoyras, and Huguenot exile, helped to create an American as distinct from an English identity"; or one-line plot summaries such as that of Richard Wright's *Native Son* (1940), said to "explore loss of identity, ghetto poverty, double murder and liberal explanations from a communist lawyer". In addition, contributors frequently resort to crudely reductive lists and catalogues, a form of short-hand literary history (its comparably irritating equivalent in the historical sections is the dulling overuse of statistics, as in the chapters on "The Frontier West", "The Immigrant Experience", and "The Loss of Innocence: 1880-1914"). The literary "bits" of the chapter on "The Twenties", by Ralph Willett and John White, are the worst offenders in this respect (and badly written as well), but even in the hands of smoother practitioners, such as Bradbury himself, there's something pat and formulaic in the knowing synopses and encapsulations.

Only Eric Homberger, presumably the author of the literary half of the chapter entitled "The Immigrant Experience", manages to describe his often unfamiliar material in a manner that excites interest. This may in part be because, almost alone among the contributors, he finds room to quote more than a line or phrase from the writers he discusses. Elsewhere the absence of quotation goes with a tendency to unargued judgments and interpretations, pious clichés (Cooper's fiction as "a vast and glorious experience"), or a vast and glorious experience. Bradbury, for example, finds that in the best fiction of the 1950s, that of Bellow, Salinger, Malamud, Nabokov, Updike and Roth, "the struggle between the purified wholeness of art and the claims of reality continues to be seriously enacted, generating a humanist voice".

The voice most of the essayists themselves generate is impersonal and objective-sounding; there are few unexpected or pronounced views or preferences. If the excuse for the colourless judiciousness is the students' need for a broad, reliable, level-headed survey – then the absence of any discussion of a figure of the stature of, for example, Robert Frost (mentioned only in connection with Kennedy's inaugural address). So too is the unreliability of the index, in which neither Frost nor Roethke nor Berryman nor Burroughs nor Ashberry appear, all of whom are mentioned in the text. The bibliography at the end of the book – as important to an introductory volume of this sort as its index – is also unreliable. Though its book-lists are selective, they're not uniformly so: the list for the chapter on "The Twenties", for example, is

three times as long as the preceding one for the chapter on "The Loss of Innocence: 1880-1914"; some list "The Twenties" again draw upon recent publications, others stick to established favourites. Has there really, for instance, been no interesting noteworthy book on the literature of the so-called American Renaissance (including the writings of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, and Whitman) since 1973? And only one the ten years before that?

Omissions of this sort come on top of more substantial oversights in the fields of non-literary and popular culture. Though the editors prepare us for these, they never squarely face their implications: on the one hand they champion American Studies as an attempt "to recreate and communicate something of the texture of life in the past", on the other they "have deliberately chosen to concentrate on the relation between American historical development and the expressive culture, in focus, that is, on history and literature – as so many American Studies programmes have". The term "expressive culture" here is meant to exclude music, dance, the visual arts, film and television. But how can one "communicate the texture of life in the past" in America, especially in a book which gives special emphasis to the twentieth century, and virtually ignores television (mentioned in the index, though there's an entry for Billie Holiday, no Charlie Parker, no Bob Dylan, and only the briefest reference to Elvis as "symbol of revolt"), while devoting a paragraph or two at most to film, radio, architecture, painting (there's not a single reference to a pre-twentieth-century American painter), and the language of advertising? Only a quelling Fear and Helen McNeil in "The Twenties" aspire to a survey of culture in general, which is, in part, why their chapter is one of the most lively and provocative in the volume.

The sections that focus on "American historical development" are opposed to "the expressive culture" have a somewhat less cogent brevity. Their authors even contrive to find room for nuggets of anecdote and cross-reference. But they also tend to Severide-like reflectiveness. "The idea of process", we are told, "involves the notion of time". Before the coming of the railways communication was difficult. "The United States is not now regarded, for so long she was, as pre-eminently the country of the left". "The division of the past into centuries can impose too rigid a shape on what is essentially fluid and inchoate". Sententiousness of this sort is a special shame given the richly problematic nature of the topics discussed. When the authors draw attention to this problematic material, highlighting conflicting interpretations and approaches, as in Edward Ransome and Andrew Hook's account of plantation life, slavery and the causes of the Civil War, in their chapter on "The Old South" the book is at its best – and the best kind of introduction.

Private desolations

By Paul Bailey

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *A Pale View of Hills*. 183pp. Faber. £6.25. 0 571 11866 6

Kazuo Ishiguro has written a first novel of uncommon delicacy. *A Pale View of Hills* is an extremely quiet study of extreme emotional turbulence, which summons up the various nightmares of a survivor of Nagasaki in a manner that will probably perplex those readers who like to swallow their horrors whole or enjoy being told the worst, at length. It is not Ishiguro's intention to "do" Nagasaki, as do other novelists have recently "done" Buchenwald and Babi Yar. Far from it; his commitment in this book is to a private desolation, and he honours that commitment to the letter.

The narrator is Etsuko, a woman in late middle age who lives alone in a large house in the English countryside. Her second husband and elder daughter by her first marriage are both dead; the latter by her own hand, in a furnished room in Manchester. Etsuko is visited, briefly, by Niki, her child by the unnamed Englishman who lured her away from Japan. Niki's stay, and her guarded references to her half-sister Keiko's death, prompt Etsuko to remember the summer she bore Keiko – a fateful summer, for it was then, as she sees with hindsight, that the pattern of her future was set.

The greater part of *A Pale View of Hills* takes place during that impenetrable post-war summer in Nagasaki. Etsuko remembers a woman called Sachiko, who lives with her daughter, Mariko, in a wooden cottage that "had survived both the devastation of the war and the government bulldozers". Sachiko is to all intents and purposes a vagrant, eking out an existence on the money she scrounges off gullible people like her new friend, Etsuko. She has immense pride, and cannot disguise the fact that she was born considerably higher up the social scale than her present life would indicate. Etsuko is intrigued by this aloof and elegant outcast and her strangely alienated offspring, and allows herself to be used by Sachiko

Privy cabinet plans

By Keith Jeffery

GEORGE MACBETH: *A Kind of Treason*. 239pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £6.95. 0 340 26480 X

The murder of Lord Mountbatten in August 1979 not only shocked the world but also galvanized both authors and publishers into action. One such writer was the unnamed colonel of George MacBeth's novel who sets out to tell "for the first time" the "inside story" of an attempt on Mountbatten's life in 1944. Allegedly based on real events, and drawing on the wartime diaries of an ex-intelligence officer, the story concerns "Operation Chameleon" – the planting of a British agent in the "Japanese Gestapo" after the fall of Singapore – and the subsequent unsuccessful assassination attempt.

The narrator, head of the Japanese department in Far Eastern Intelligence at the start of the war, is a bitter man whose warnings about probable Japanese aggression have consistently been ignored by his superiors. As a reward for his persistence and of course in the end justified – pessimism, he and his department are banished to a wartime bunker deep below Clapham Common. In an agreeable flight of fancy, MacBeth describes how the bunker, originally prepared for emergency Cabinet use, was fitted out as if it were a country retreat with mahogany panelling, false fireplaces, chandeliers and tiger-skin rugs. In this unlikely setting, far underground and behind secret doors, the colonel locks himself into a lavatory (complete with marble toilet-roll holders) to plan his operation. But this touch of high comedy is not sustained. The colonel is no Ben Ritchie-Hook, nor, despite the claims on the dust-jacket, is he an equivalent to Hemingway's Colonel Cantrell.

The book depends for its success both on the accuracy of the historical context and the credibility of its central character. The "corroborative detail" needs to be especially well researched. To assert that the colonel was the only man who fully anticipated the threat of a Japanese invasion of Malaya is less than true. In the late 1930s even the chiefs of staff saw the danger. As it happened, in 1940 and 1941 they had

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"His book is a very brave and a very necessary one, containing much invaluable discussion as well as much black humour... His novel is obligatory upon everyone." – Martin Seymour-Smith, *Financial Times*

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Medley for marginals

By Linda Taylor

URSULA HOLDEN: *Sing About It*. 126pp. Eyre Methuen. £5.50. 413 47730 4

"Oh Little Town of Bethlehem. Without a city wall. Where our dear lord was crucified..." The song that Ursula Holden's London down-and-outs sing in her latest novel is an ingenious medley. They sing about birth and death; "A carol for a birth, a lament for a death made no difference if you were expressing feelings." Between Bethlehem and Calvary, the ambiguity of the middle phrase underlines the marginality of the lives of the residents of St Harmond's. They are both outsize, and lacking, the prescribed social boundaries.

Happy Families, in fact, is the residents' favourite game, and the making or breaking of families is a constant theme in Ursula Holden's fiction. But in *Sing About It*, a happy family is created from the most unlikely material. The residents know about each other's inadequacies and cover up for one another. Loveliness subdues the chaos to prevent Warden's calls; Cap, knowing that Loveliness is a male pensioner, treats him like a baby girl. Love wanted to be a woman.

Gawd knows why but she did. Far as I'm concerned she's a person. She's human not a freak. She wanted to change her life. I don't care, she's my friend.

Sylvie, in particular, "got to know their weaknesses, knew they wore a mask for the world to cover their confusions." She woos them with sweets and a gilded Christmas tree.

Ursula Holden's staccato prose is realistic and memorable. Her sentences are seductively simple; she looks over her characters' shoulders and speaks their seemingly uncomplicated thoughts. The effectiveness of this kind of writing derives from Holden's ability to juxtapose sentence against sentence, thought against thought. When Cap disappears in Ireland, for instance, Sylvie is concerned: "If anything happened to Cap she'd never get over it. If Cap was dead, she'd have died without learning to sew." The expected generalization is both expanded and turned on its head by the unexpected specificity of that loss.

By the end of the novel, life in St Harmond's is truly harmonious. Tim, having given up dead dogs, becomes the paterfamilias of an absurdly endearing co-operative enterprise. Though noticeably childless, *Sing About It* concentrates on the paradox of responsible childlessness. Ursula Holden's expertise lies in her ironic and un sentimental play on the pathos and ineptitude of her human hosts: with their emblematic names.

Power of the powerless

By George Theiner

II. GORDON SKILLING:

Charter 77 and Human Rights in Czechoslovakia
363pp. Allen and Unwin. £20.
0 04 321026 0

On August 16, 1976, seven leading Czech intellectuals wrote a letter to Heinrich Böll about the "curious and unique" trial, then about to begin, of fourteen young composers and musicians in Prague. "It is paradoxical", they wrote, "that a year after the Helsinki conference and after some years of consolidation of its own power... the contemporary Czechoslovak regime feels threatened by people who, in private, sing songs to which the regime itself does not even attribute any hostile political content."

The fourteen were duly tried and sent to prison; of the seven signatories seeking support from Böll (among them Czechoslovakia's greatest living poet, Jaroslav Seifert), one was to die less than a year later following intensive police harassment which continued when he was seriously ill in hospital after a stroke (Professor Jan Patocka); one is in prison, serving a four-and-a-half year sentence for trying to "defend the unjustly prosecuted" (Václav Havel); and one is in exile, having been given official permission to work in Vienna and then stripped of his citizenship and prevented from returning home (Pavel Kohout). The text of their letter to Heinrich Böll is the first of more than forty Charter documents forming Part Two of H. Gordon Skilling's excellent book on the origins and aims of Czechoslovakia's now famous human rights movement, which provides an invaluable record of its activities up to the end of 1980.

In his brief but informative introduction, Skilling explains the significance of January 1977 for the launching of the Charter. Not only was it the anniversary of the beginning of the Prague Spring in 1968, it also ushered in the International Year of Political Prisoners, as well as that of the Belgrade Conference to review progress on the Final Act of the Helsinki Agreement on Security and Cooperation in Europe. The Charter, whose authors called on the Czechoslovak authorities to honour their international commitments on human rights and their own laws and the country's constitution, was born out of the indignation felt by many at the trial of the young musicians in 1976 and at all the other injustices perpetrated by the post-invasion Husák régime, with its all-embracing censorship and recourse to brutal police methods. It was these very methods which were to be used against the signatories and successive spokesmen of the Charter in the months and years that followed its birth.

In the nine chapters that make up the first 200 pages of his book, Skilling offers a wealth of information, painstakingly researched, on every aspect of Charter 77 and its diverse activities. These include over 1,000 individual documents and other items of typewritten *samizdat* material; art exhibitions in private apartments; "living-room theatres" including poetry readings and performances of *Macbeth* with banned actors and actresses taking part; philosophy seminars; independent scholarship carried on by historians and other scholars dismissed from their posts by the Husák régime; and various forms of protest such as "flying demonstrations" in public places in support of the arrested playwright Václav Havel; and hunger strikes. "Violence", Skilling points out, "or terrorist acts were ruled out. Even passive resistance was used only on rare occasions, for instance when [Ladislav Hejzlar], then [Charter] spokesman, refused to go voluntarily to an interrogation and had to be physically carried to police headquarters."

The Charter's decision to regard "dissidents" in this part of Europe, is

the crux of the matter. It cannot be stressed often enough that these are not terrorists, nor even guerrillas or freedom fighters who resort to the gun or grenade (although one might be forgiven for thinking so when reading Soviet, Czech, and now Polish propaganda). What these people are doing, according to Václav Havel, is refusing to live the lie and trying to persuade their rulers to adhere to the treaties and covenants they have solemnly signed and ratified. "Neither the constitution of the CSSR, nor any other law, denies the citizens the right to participate in public life or express themselves in public," said Václav Havel in his defence speech in court in October 1979, as quoted in the unique selection of translated documents in the book. "Article 28 of the constitution, on the contrary, guarantees freedom of expression and article 19 of the International Covenant on Political and Civil Rights states that everyone has the right to disseminate information and ideas by any means, and without regard for state borders."

Professor Skilling also quotes from Havel's "Power of the Powerless", a long treatise which the playwright "published" in Prague *samizdat* in October 1978, exactly a year before

the trial that was to consign him for four-and-a-half years to the notorious Hefmanice prison near the Silesian industrial city of Ostrava. It is worth quoting here as perhaps the most succinct exposure of the fraudulent nature of East European communist regimes:

Government by the bureaucracy is called government by the people; the working class is enslaved in the name of the working class; the many-sided humiliation of man is said to be his definitive liberation; isolation from information is termed giving access to it; manipulation by power is the public control of power; arbitrary power, the observance of the legal order; the suppression of culture, its flowering... lack of freedom is the highest form of freedom; the faces of elections, the highest form of democracy; the banning of idle thought is the most scientific method of thinking; power is a prisoner of its own lies; therefore it must falsify. It falsifies the past, the present and the future... It pretends that it respects human rights. It pretends that it perse-

cutes no one. It pretends that no one is afraid. It pretends that it does not pretend. A man need not believe in all these mystifications. He must, however, act as if he believed in them, or he must at least silently tolerate them, or at the very least get along well with those who operate according to them. In other words he must "live in the lie".

It is only if we realize what such a life must be like (and the Czechs, the Poles, and all the other beneficiaries of the "Soviet way of life" have now been forced to live like this for almost four decades) that we can begin to understand the motivation behind movements like Charter 77 and Solidarity.

"To draw conclusions about Charter 77 and its significance is a bold and perhaps foolhardy undertaking," writes Professor Skilling, "especially at a time of crisis in détente and of mounting threats to human rights in the communist world. Some might feel tempted to prepare an obituary for a movement which may not survive the present wave of extreme persecution." Gordon Skilling wrote

these words a mere two or three months before that persecution reached a new peak with the arrest of a large number of leading Charter activists at the beginning of May this year. While the Prague regime seems to be dragging its feet in bringing these people to trial, it had undoubtedly hoped that their incarceration, following the imprisonment of Havel and his friends who had formed the VONS group (Committee for the Defence of the Unjustly Prosecuted), would virtually deal a death blow to the Charter movement. That it has not succeeded was shown in the first week of January when three new spokesmen issued a brief statement denying allegations that Charter 77 had approved of the imposition of martial law in Poland and the stifling of Solidarity. They gave their backing to the Polish trade union, despite official warnings against such a course, delivered at the Prague security HQ in Janine Jemléjka Street, where a large number of Charterists were detained in periods ranging from five to twenty-six hours shortly after General Jaruzelski moved to crush Solidarity and restore "law and order" in Poland.

The author of this book, preoccupied as he is with the political details of the infighting and the caucuses, the pressure groups and the posturing, tells a stimulating story of one of the more bloody battles in the current war over homosexuality. In its own way it is informative. But it is largely disappointing for the same reason that much of the American debate itself was disappointing, namely, that it does not subject the notion of disease to any serious analysis. Instead, it refers briefly and unsatisfactorily to such protagonists as Thomas Szasz and Judd Marmor and is content to provide a description of the manner in which the two main and contradictory positions on "homosexuality" evolved. Indeed, it is hard not to conclude from Ronald Bayer's account that the only reason homosexuality was ever deemed to be a non-disease at all was because the relevant minority groups mounted such a vigorous and skillful campaign to eradicate it from the psychiatric textbook. That itself says something even more damaging about psychiatry than the fact that the specialty appears to decide what is or is not the appropriate subject of its techniques and skills by vote rather than by any scientific process.

Fortunately, it is Bayer's account rather than psychiatry which is deficient in this regard. The debate about the disease status of homosexuality has actually been carried out within a wider context of the issue of what constitutes disease itself, and in particular psychiatric disease, than is given credit in this book. But how did homosexuality ever become a classified disorder in the first place? After all, as late as the early part of the nineteenth century it was still largely viewed as a deviant behaviour indulged in freely and, in deference to prevailing Judeo-Christian morality, classified as such. Admittedly, there were those, such as Moreau and Lombroso, who towards the middle and end of the century speculated on the possibility that homosexual behaviour was an "outgrowth of both an inherited constitutional weakness and environmental forces, but even at that time there were powerfully influential voices, such as that of Havelock Ellis, who insisted that homosexuality was inborn and therefore natural.

It is difficult, in retrospect, not to blame Freud and the psychoanalytic movement for the change. These days it is fashionable to insist that Freud, ever the man ahead of his time, took the most detached view of homosexuality. It is true that in some of his writings on the subject he did appear to suggest that it was the man who experienced no homosexual desires rather than the one who did who was the true deviant, statistically speaking, a view which appears to receive partial support from surveys such as Kinsey's. Writing about the causes of

homosexuality, Freud declared that psychanalysis "resists entirely the attempt to regard homosexuals as a specially formed group and to separate them from other men... It finds that all men are capable of a homosexual object choice and that they have in fact performed it unconsciously... the exclusive sexual interest of a man for a woman is equally asking for an explanation and cannot be taken for granted as an underlying chemical attraction."

Unsuitable cases for treatment

By Anthony Clare

RONALD BAYER:

Homosexuality and American Psychiatry
216pp. Basic Books. \$12.95.
0 465 03048 3

In 1973, after several years of bitter dispute, the Board of Trustees of the American Psychiatric Association solemnly removed homosexuality from the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Psychiatric Disorders*. In its place, they installed "sexual orientation disturbance" to describe those individuals, heterosexual as well as homosexual, who are in conflict with their own sexual identity. Subsequently, in response to dissenting psychiatrists who charged the APA with capitulating to the pressure and the threats of Gay Liberation groups, a referendum involving the entire membership of the association was held to determine the issue of whether or not homosexuality is or is not a mental disorder. The psychiatrists voted for its removal from the classification and accordingly a disease ceased to be a disease, not because of some advance in scientific understanding but because of the equivalent of a show of hands.

The author of this book, preoccupied as he is with the political details of the infighting and the caucuses, the pressure groups and the posturing, tells a stimulating story of one of the more bloody battles in the current war over homosexuality. In its own way it is informative. But it is largely disappointing for the same reason that much of the American debate itself was disappointing, namely, that it does not subject the notion of disease to any serious analysis. Instead, it refers briefly and unsatisfactorily to such protagonists as Thomas Szasz and Judd Marmor and is content to provide a description of the manner in which the two main and contradictory positions on "homosexuality" evolved. Indeed, it is hard not to conclude from Ronald Bayer's account that the only reason homosexuality was ever deemed to be a non-disease at all was because the relevant minority groups mounted such a vigorous and skillful campaign to eradicate it from the psychiatric textbook. That itself says something even more damaging about psychiatry than the fact that the specialty appears to decide what is or is not the appropriate subject of its techniques and skills by vote rather than by any scientific process.

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For Bayer this is proof positive of Freud's lack of culpability in the psychiatric stigmatization of homosexuals and he places the blame instead at the feet of Sándor Rado and his adaptation school of psychoanalysis which began to flourish during the 1940s. Rado disputed Freud's assumption that the ambiguous sexuality of the human embryo (with the persistence of elements of both male and female generative organs) implied the presence of male and female attributes in the psyche. Taking reproductive anatomy rather than embryology as his starting point, Rado argued that the male-female pairing was the natural and healthy pattern of sexual adaptation. Since there was no innate homosexual orientation, the rejection of the "standard pattern" could only be explained in terms of some overwhelming force, a profound fear or resentment, in short a phobic response to members of the opposite sex. Whereas Freud was extremely pessimistic concerning the ability of psychoanalysis to alter homosexuality, Rado and his followers made extensive therapeutic efforts and claims throughout the 1950s and 1960s. It was this work which led to the popularization of the stereotype of the homosexual as a person locked in a close-binding, cloying and intimate relationship with a mother who in turn thwarted the normal development of her son by expressing feminizing attitudes, competing with the son-father relationship, inhibiting the development of normal peer relationships with other boys, and damaging the capacity for independent action. The picture with regard to paternal relationships was equally bleak.

Yet Freud's role in the conversion of homosexuality from deviance into disease cannot be so conveniently dismissed. His theories of the sexual development of children laid the ground for the notion of morbidity concerning adult homosexual preference. It was, according to Freud, the persistence of the child's notion that all women have penises which led to such preference. Female genitalia, seen in adult life, are "regarded as a mutilated organ" by the homosexual who reacts with horror instead of pleasure. That such a development is a stunted one, a truncation of the mature, healthy, integrated development of the heterosexual is clearly implied in Freud's basic theory of sexual development and indeed in the orthodox psychoanalytic interpretations of adult homosexual preference, whether or not that preference is accompanied by overt symptoms of psychological distress.

But the point of all this is not to throw more bricks at psychoanalysis. It is, rather, to point to a major problem bedeviling the issue of disease in psychiatry which is bound up with the psychoanalytic perspective. So rich is psychoanalytic theory in its "explanations" of all manner of maladaptive, deviant and allied behaviour, that it has contributed to the layman's view that psychiatrists see everyone as mad, to some extent or other. Psychoanalysis, like orthodox Christianity, sees the individual man as more or less flawed and forever struggling towards an idealized state of perfection which, however, he never actually reaches. Psychological medicine, on the other hand, like physical medicine, works with a different model which assumes a state of health that it never actually defines but which it supposes most people by and large possess. The analyst, by virtue of his training and his theory, finds pathology much more frequently and much more easily than the medically trained psychiatrist. Not surprisingly, the former is particularly prone to

find it in the sexual behaviour of the homosexual. Because psychoanalytic theory emphasizes developmental disorder (the majority of disorders are viewed as originating in childhood) it emphasizes the role of sexual development in the causation of illness in adult life.

Psychological medicine, on the other hand, is more fearful of defining illness on behavioural grounds alone. In the words of one of its most distinguished exponents, Aubrey Lewis, for mental disorder to be safely inferred, "disorder of function must be detectable at a discrete or differentiated level that is hardly conceivable when mental activity as a whole is taken as the irreducible datum. If non-conformity can be detected only in total behaviour, while all the particular psychological functions seem unimpaired, health will be presumed not ill." The sort of discrete psychological dysfunctions Lewis had in mind include, for example, hallucinations, delusions, and specific symptoms of anxiety and obsessive-compulsive disorder. In the absence of such symptoms, illness cannot be diagnosed whatever the oddity of the behaviour under discussion, whether it be homosexuality, repetitive indulgence in violent crime or political dissidence in the Soviet Union. Many psychoanalysts, though, by no means all, are drawn towards explaining deviant behaviour in terms which make it easy for the assumption to be fostered that such behaviour is being categorized as "ill" symptomatic of "faulty childhood development" and therefore akin, in terms of its causal chain, to more obvious mental disorders such as schizophrenia and paranoia. Perhaps it is for this reason that the battle over the disease status of homosexuality has been particularly fierce in the United States for it is in that part of the world that psychoanalysis has particularly flourished. In Europe, there has been far less of a stir. Indeed, the classification system used there (and in most other parts of the world), namely the International Classification of Diseases, prepared by the World Health Organization in Geneva, and now in its ninth edition, does still classify homosexuality in its mental diseases section, although it adds in the appropriate introductory abnormal "sexual inclinations or behaviour" should only be coded if

Remedial measures

By Jonathan Sumption

PHILIP GREEN:

The Pursuit of Inequality
319pp. Oxford: Martin Robertson.
£12.50.
0 85520 446 X

Only three questions matter when it comes to inequality, and this book answers none of them. The first is whether it is morally wrong that people should be happy in different degrees; the second is whether it is a business of the state to remedy purely moral wrongs; and the third is whether the remedy may not be worse than the disease.

The omissions are attributable in part to the fact that the author, an American academic Marxist, is too busy picking holes in the work of other academics to return to basic principles. But the chief reason is that he shares the obsession of so much modern "American" political theory with constitutional rather than moral issues. The rights of racial minorities and women, the power of corporations, the limits of legislative interference with freedom of contract, and the propriety of administrative regulation of business, all give rise to interesting issues in their own right, but they touch only tangentially on the questions suggested by Philip Green's title. They are also issues of limited interest outside the context of American politics.

One could make a case for a high degree of administrative regulation

of the acts of individuals and corporations, in so far as those acts impinge on others. Mr Green, for example, makes a case against Robert Nozick and the advocates of "minimal government" for preventing corporations from polluting the air in the interest of their balance sheets, which is unanswerable. It would, however, have been interesting to know what is the justification for taking money away from a person who has not obtained it by harming others, and has no plans to spend it on harming others.

That particular exercise in redistribution cannot be justified by reference to the wickedness of American corporations. It must be justified by the proposition that the mere possession by one man of more money than the next man, is morally offensive. Green regards this proposition at times as being self-evident, and at times as following logically from the fact that the possession of money or the capacity to acquire it are due more to luck than merit. I do not say (not in these columns anyway) that these propositions are wrong, but I would like to know why they are right, which is something I do not learn from Mr Green's rambling thoughts.

Valentin Turchin's *The Inertia of Fear* has recently been published in a translation by Guy Daniels (200pp, Oxford: Martin Robertson, £12.50, 0 85520 480 0). Originally circulated in *samizdat* form, the work, a powerful critique of Marxist totalitarianism, was in part responsible for Turchin's exile from the Soviet Union in 1977.

P. G. WODEHOUSE

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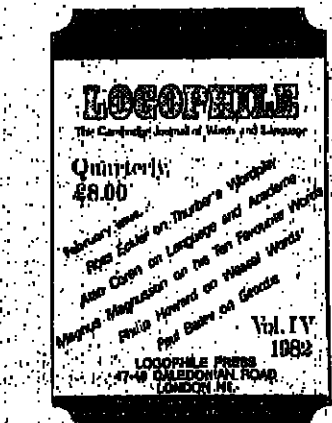
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Leaping from height to height

By John Passmore

ROGER SCRUTON:
From Descartes to Wittgenstein
A Short History of Modern
Philosophy
296pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£9.50.
0 7100 0798 1

From Descartes to Wittgenstein in less than three hundred pages is a formidable assignment, especially when ethics, aesthetics, social and political philosophy do not pass unnoticed, so that room has to be found for Shaftesbury, Butler and Marx as well as for metaphysicians and epistemologists. Scholarly severity in judgment would be out of place from a reviewer who has regularly refused to embark upon any such project as far too difficult. That Roger Scruton over-simplifies, boldly assumes what scholars have seriously questioned, is guilty of sins of omission and commission, is sometimes too compressed to be either wholly accurate or immediately intelligible – all this can be taken for granted, as inevitable from the very nature of his task.

The broader issue remains: will this book be pedagogically useful to the class of readers to whom it is directed, not only students of philosophy but also, and primarily, "those whose interests, whether or not academic, have caused them to be curious" about the nature and history of philosophy? Structure, rather than detail, now comes into question – in the first place, the extent to which such a reader ought to be made aware of the lesser-known writers: in general, Mr Scruton has chosen to be a chamois rather than a squirrel, to leap from height to

height rather than to store up a multitude of facts on a multitude of philosophers. Not consistently so, however. He lapses from time to time into the encyclopedist. So one reads that "in Cambridge an anti-empiricist school had been founded (known as the Cambridge Platonists and including such men as Ralph Cudworth (1617-88) and Henry More (1614-87))" followed a little later by the judgment that "this school was of little lasting significance". Then why mention them, one naturally asks, in a history which is so obviously schematic? Scruton should have had the courage of his very obvious conviction, made explicit from time to time, that all but the very few major philosophers have a place only in the history of ideas, not the history of philosophy. Either leave them out or else explain that they have contributed, that is the only sensible policy in so compact a study.

The decision to be a chamois, however, still leaves a great deal unsettled. The peaks have to be sequentially ordered. Inevitably, a purely chronological sequence is disrupted by Scruton's decision to include moral and political philosophy. So, after reaching Nietzsche, the narrative has to return to Hobbes to pick up the thread of political philosophy en route to Marx. That difficulty apart, Scruton's organization is conventional, in the mode set by Kuno Fischer in the nineteenth century. There are British Empiricists and Continental Rationalists, until Kant brings them together in a higher synthesis. Scruton does not even hint how much Berkeley and Hume learnt from Malebranche. One regrets to see this particular myth of separate development still promulgated.

Equally, one regrets the failure to relate philosophy at all closely to

science. To be sure there are passing references to Newton and Boyle and one to Darwin. But there are none at all to Einstein, Mach, Duhem, or to any contemporary philosophers of science, not even to Popper. In consequence, the account of nineteenth and twentieth-century philosophy is strikingly attenuated. This is no general theme which explains both the peculiarity of his emphases and his neglect of science. It is a theme which allows him to describe philosophy as having progressed. As Scruton tells the story, Descartes created the first-person illusion that our own consciousness must be the starting-point for all rational enquiry and that statements about it are the paradigm of certainty. That illusion the subsequent course of philosophy gradually destroyed, first at the hands of Kant, Marx and Hegel and then, conclusively, in the later philosophy of Wittgenstein. Such a manner of representing the progress of philosophy might strike the uninitiated reader as a notable exemplification of Berkeley's remark that philosophers first raise a dust and then complain that they cannot see. But Scruton's primary concern with the first-person illusion at once lends a degree of narrative unity to his story and helps to justify his inclusion of the psychologically-minded eighteenth-century British moralists for all that, as he confesses, they are not first-order geniuses. If explains, too,

why he so emphasizes the theory of the emotions, that haven of subjectivity, and prefers to talk, even if critically, about Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, Husserl, Sartre, Heidegger, Wittgenstein, rather than about the philosophers who now in fact dominate the philosophical journals not only in the English-speaking world but even in such countries as Germany, at least among the younger generation. Frege, to be sure, is discussed at some length but Russell enters the story only as the author of the theory of descriptions – "his copious powers of self-advertisement might perhaps justify my perfunctory treatment of his philosophy".

American philosophy fares particularly badly. A single sentence says it all, or very nearly so. "Nor shall I consider the later development of logical positivism in America, where it entered into a fruitful marriage – through Carnap's pupils, Nelson Goodman and Willard van Quine – with the local 'pragmatism' of C. S. Peirce, William James and C. I. Lewis". There is one other passing reference to Goodman and a totally misleading comment on Chomsky; the rest is silence. The general reader would have no way of guessing just how much of the philosophical activity of our time turns around that the revolution in philosophy which Scruton ascribes to the later

Wittgenstein is often, in the United States, credited to the quite unmentioned John Dewey. I should hastily add that Scruton is by no means a chauvinist. Oxford philosophy in the post-war years is characterized by "as consisting of figures too minor and too many to warrant our attention". What a comedown from the time, only twenty years ago, when Oxford proudly proclaimed itself the centre of the philosophical universe!

How is one to sum up? Scruton's book will not be of much use to those readers who wish to prepare themselves to read contemporary philosophy in the English-speaking world. They will be surprised to find that doctrines which Scruton describes as if they were dead – utilitarianism, for example – are still very much alive, that names like Tarski, Popper, Quine, have a centrality for which they will not be prepared, that, although Wittgenstein has many books written about him, and is sedulously edited, his position in the cut-and-thrust of everyday philosophical discussion is by no means central. Nevertheless, and a reader will not have wasted his time. Scruton will have introduced him to many interesting philosophers in a manner which is often quick and opinionated but is only occasionally boring. It is easy to conceive better book. It would not be so easy to write it.

Re-affirming regularity

By D. C. Stove

TOM L. BEAUCHAMP and
ALEXANDER ROSENBERG:
Hume and the Problem of Causation
340pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
0 19 520236 8

An effect seems to issue from its cause with necessity. If a knife you are using slips and sinks deep into the ball of your thumb, the blood not just does flow: it must flow. Although this seems right, we should not feel entirely sure of it. For we are apt to suppose there is necessity in cases where in fact there is none. Take for example what might be called moral necessity. Portia, on being informed of the facts of the case, says "Then must the Jew be merciful"; and this seems right too. But Shylock answers, "On what compulsion must I tell me that?" and this, of course, not only seems right but is right. There is no necessity at all in the case for him to be merciful, there is only strong moral conviction, and desire, on the part of Portia and some others, that he should be so. In fact, Shylock's response is so obviously right, once made, that Portia instantly contradicts herself: "The quality of mercy is not strained"; etc. Still, her first move had been to conjure up an entirely imaginary necessity; and we readers had been quite willing to go along with this delusion.

Of course not all our attributions of necessity are delusive. There certainly is such a thing as logical necessity, for example, and many of our attributions of this kind of necessity are beyond dispute. It may well be disputed, and has been, whether it is logically necessary that all men are mortal, or that Socrates is a man, or that Socrates is mortal. But no one can seriously dispute that it is logically necessary that if all men are mortal and Socrates is a man, then Socrates is mortal.

Now, what about causal necessity, the kind of necessity that we all attribute to our bleeding if we cut our thumb badly? Is this a genuine kind of necessity, as logical necessity is? Or is it spurious, like that "moral necessity" which each of us invokes when it suits us? Well, David Hume thought the latter. Much as we hallucinate moral necessity under the influence of our moral convictions, Hume thought, that we hallucinate causal necessity under the influence of our expectations. Because we are sure the blood will flow, we imagine

that the blood itself is in a sure-to-flow state. Take us and our expectations out of the case, Hume says, and you will find that all that is left in causation is this: that the effect does regularly accompany the cause.

This is, roughly, what philosophers call the "regularity" theory of causation, and since there is a very close connection between one thing's causing another, and the two things' being connected by a law of nature, philosophers also call a closely-related theory of natural laws the Humean or regularity theory. According to this, natural laws do not govern, constrain, or even explain the course of nature, or do anything else which would make them proper objects of the awe in which they have generally been held. Rather, natural laws are simply certain generalized descriptions of it, namely, which in fact are never violated.

In the first three quarters of this century, regularity theories of causation and of natural laws were accepted by a good many philosophers. This was not because such theories are initially plausible, for of course they are not. It was because of the great difficulty of proving them wrong, and the even greater difficulty of putting anything better in their place. In recent decades, however, regularity theories have been under heavy attack; and progress has been made in overcoming at least the first of the two difficulties just mentioned. As a result there are now few really enthusiastic adherents of regularity theories of causation and laws. But Tom L. Beauchamp and Alexander Rosenberg are among these few, and the main object of their book is to defend a theory of this type against its critics and rivals.

The book is to be welcomed, if only because it goes so much against the tide. But it has a good many positive merits too: it contains, for example, (Chapter 6), a worthwhile discussion of the "direction" of causation. Regularity theories tend to produce surprising symmetries (and hence an absence of direction), for example, between causes and their effects, and it has to be considered whether these symmetries are only surprising or actually incredible; and if the latter, whether a theory can be modified so as to avoid them. There is a good discussion (Chapter 7) on whether "statements about causes are, as they must be if regularity theories are true, 'extensional'" that is, roughly, whether true causal statements remain true when

different ways of referring to the same thing are substituted for one another.

For most readers the most important part of the book will be Chapter 4, in which the authors are trying to meet a famous argument put forward by William Kneale. This argument shows that, on a regularity theory of natural laws, there can be no such thing as an unrealized empirical possibility; a state of affairs, that is, which is consistent with all the laws of nature but does not in fact occur. This objection seems absolutely fatal, because unrealized empirical possibilities seem, at least, to be as common as dirt: you cannot even believe that a batsman was out before-wicket without believing that the ball's hitting his stumps was precisely such a possibility. But Kneale's objection is not presented in this book with anything like the precision it should have been; indeed, his argument, as distinct from his assertion that there are unrealized empirical possibilities, can hardly be said to be presented here at all, and as a result, it is impossible for the reader to tell whether the writers, for all their long discussion of Kneale's objection, have really met it or not. My own impression is that they have not, but have only re-affirmed their own position at great length.

The authors' response to one central objection, then, is unclear, but appears to be question-begging. Their response (in Chapter 7) to another, the objection that causal statements are non-extensional, is at least clear; but it is, as they themselves virtually acknowledge on pp. 268-275, evasive, and scarcely creditable even as far as it goes. These are two reasons for thinking that the book can do little to restore the falling fortunes of regularity theories. A third reason is that the book is so badly written that it is impossible to read it with pleasure and difficult to read it even with patience.

From Descartes to Hume, Continuum, *Metaphysics and the Development of Modern Philosophy* by Louis Loeb (328pp. Cornell University Press. £17.25. 0 8014 1289 7) aims to show that the standard view that Berkeley, Descartes, Hume, Leibniz, Locke and Spinoza are the most important philosophical figures of the period prior to Kant, and the traditional division of these Philosophers into British Empiricists and Continental Rationalists is wrong. It offers an alternative view in which Descartes, Spinoza, Malebranche, Berkeley and Leibniz qualify as Continental Metaphysicians.

An uncomfortable conservatism

By Duncan Forbes

DAVID MILLER:
Philosophy and Ideology in Hume's
Political Thought
218pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press. £15.
0 19 834658 7

Through the difficult terrain of Hume's political thought, already to some extent explored and mapped by pioneers like Vlachos, Giarrizzo, John Stewart and the present reviewer, David Miller has driven an intelligently constructed and elegant motorway, down which students and others will travel with ease, pleasure and instruction. The book is planned to trace the relation between Hume's naturalistic theory of judgment and his "conservatism", first in theory or "second order" philosophy and then in practice, where the ideological elements, or "first order moral and empirical assumptions", make their presence felt. (The inverted commas and what they mean are one of the especially good things in this study of Hume's "conservatism".) Miller handles his scheme in such a way as to give a comprehensive survey of Hume's thought with remarkable economy and clarity, and what is even more remarkable, considering the sheer volume and weight and difficulty of the matter that is handled, very little precision is lost in the process of condensation. This is no small feat.

I particularly liked Miller's use of Hume's distinction between the "regular" and the "diseased" imagination; his follow-through here is original and suggestive. It is in fact the nodal point of the whole study, in the link in the final analysis between Miller's two sections dealing with "philosophy" and "ideology" respectively, and it has been described by R. J. Butler as the most recalcitrant problem in the Humean philosophy.

On the other hand it could be argued that it is the recalcitrance rather than his empiricism that gives Hume's philosophy its truest sense of life, in so far as it involves appreciation of the dividing line between sanity and insanity, sense and nonsense, as a thin and wavy one, an appreciation that one feels is often lacking in the British empirical tradition, which can be too no-nonsense commonsensical healthy to be quite healthy or true to life or commonsensical.

This is part of the flavour of Hume's moderate scepticism and "conservatism" that Miller does not seem to me quite to bring out in its full delicate and dialectical strength and subtlety. Something seems to inhibit his doing so, possibly the need to relate Hume to a "tradition", or to solve some problem of his own concerning the linking of the philosophical and the political in general, instead of approaching Hume as absolutely *sui generis*. In fact I get the impression that Miller is temperamentally more of a philosopher than a historian in the full sense; he is distilling the essence of Hume and generally tidying up, he is not concerned with the development of his ideas. He does not wallow ecstatically in the particularity of the historical background, but takes it at second-hand.

It is in the more exclusively political sections, and wherever Miller has to get more historical, that some precision and correctness is lost. For example, by talking of constitutional and limited monarchies in the plural, he obscures the full significance of Hume's account of the uniquely "free" English constitution. There was for Hume only one specimen in the whole of recorded history, and there is nothing "puzzling" in his description of it as "the most entire system of liberty" but not "the best system of government"; this is crucial to a lot of what goes on in the *Essays and History*. One small point: the French word *parties* in Hume's

letter to Montesquieu does not mean political parties but parts (of the constitution). Parts could be taken to include political parties, so perhaps it does not really matter, but this happens to be a mistake I too made, so that on this as on some other occasions I regret to say I listened to the devil whispering Hume's words to James in my ear: "You do me the honour to borrow some principles from a certain book." It is quite clear to me, however, that all Miller's very numerous references to Hume have not only been carefully checked but deeply and independently pondered.

However, though one could question some of the detail of Miller's treatment of Hume's "first order" politics, it would be pedantic to do so. The general impression is broadly right. To put it more broadly still, Hume agreed with Sir James Stewart that the revolution that was truly revolutionary applied to the whole of Europe, absolute as well as free; namely, the transition from a feudal and military to a commercial, civilized state of society. And if he had lived to see it, Hume might well have thought that in the light of this revolution, the French Revolution was an unnecessary accident, the result of an unpredictable "enthusiasm". That is not, however, how Miller conjectures, because he is anxious to show that Hume had "ideological commitments" that would have turned him, post-1789, into a genuine conservative, without inverted commas, like Burke became. Might it not, however, be argued that Hume had views about "philosophical" history that would have turned him into a genuine liberal? But once launched into this sort of speculation, the horizon recedes indefinitely.

This receding horizon is one example of the sort of thing I had in mind in a small piece I wrote on "linking the philosophical and political" in Hume, which Miller refers to as evidence of my "doubts" about the rela-

vance of Hume's philosophy for his political thought. He does not seem to have appreciated the nature of these doubts. They did not concern the actual doing of it, but the way it was usually done, especially the interpretation of Hume's political thought in the light of inaccurate and misleading portmanteau abridgments of his exceedingly difficult, complex and controversial philosophy. By focusing on Hume's theory of judgment and using "philosophy" in a narrowly technical and modern sense, and by disentangling the "ideological" assumptions for separate treatment, Miller can link the philosophical and political in Hume without committing the sort of solecisms I had in mind.

But, as I also said in the piece referred to, there are different possible interpretations of the philosophical starting point of any proposed journey to Hume's politics. Not all professional philosophers even agree on the interpretation of the all-too-famous so-called "is/ought passage" in the *Treatise*. Most of them do, and for a historian it is not too difficult to see why, and the result is a historically dubious and indeed unlikely approach to the question of Hume and natural law. Fortunately, Miller's treatment of this episode is very brief, for he simply tucks his chin into the bill of academic consensus, that is, of professional philosophers, whose knowledge of the history of natural law is, to put it politely, thin, and whose historical antennae are insensitive (and rightly so, history isn't their job).

Hume's philosophy is not "systematic" like Kant's. The route from philosophy to politics that he actually followed cannot be deduced from the former exclusively or mainly. The obvious route would seem to lead to an account of justice and the social contract as "natural beliefs": this would have made Hume's task vastly more simple and "Newtonian", and there seems to be nothing in what constitutes a Humean "natural

belief" (as listed by Gaskin, for instance) that makes it impossible. The apparently natural and logical lines of communication seem to be interrupted at this crucial point.

So I am still inclined to think that Hume's empiricism is best approached in the first instance as a *baggage* of little fields and high hedges. The TLS reviewer of my own book on Hume (TLS, June 18, 1976), called it, not meaning, I suppose, to be complimentary, a "bog", which I would accept if bogs had hedges. One's reward is that a not unphilosophical but fundamentally historical approach brings out more fully what I hinted at earlier: that Hume's "conservatism" is uniquely uncomfortable intellectually: the tentative stumbling, the incessant self-criticism and self-correction as the "philosopher" coldly observes the "man", the awkward things that Miller and those conservatives who wish to have Hume in their game-bags glide over or avoid altogether – for instance, what Rousseau (an authority, one would have thought) called his "republican soul". It remarks about the possibly good effect of violent innovation, echoed by Sir Walter Scott on the French Revolution, his view of the force in human nature of the contagious love of novelty (or is that to be simply dismissed as the "diseased" imagination in action?).

One needs to stress things of this sort to correct the impression of something slightly bland in Miller's account, and indeed to help him on his way to the establishment or confirmation of Hume as a "great political thinker". But this takes Hume beyond any sort of conservatism, with or without inverted commas, in so far as the scepticism involved is able to look at politics from a vantage-point that is beyond politics. For me this is the real test of true greatness in any political thinker, and at this altitude labels and traditions of any sort become irrelevant.

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Neological warfare

By Eugen Weber

CATHERINE SLATER:
Defeatists and Their Enemies
Political Invetive in France 1914-1918
206pp. Oxford University Press.
£12.50.
0 19 815776 2

A historian may not be the best reviewer of this study, by a scholar of French, published in the Oxford Modern Languages and Literature Monographs series. Though it purports to combine history with lexicology in its study of the polemical vocabulary that the First World War brought forth in France, it is far more concerned with the derivation and significance of the terms it examines than with the detail of events within which they were handled about. The author has done her best to become acquainted with the historical context, but a dozen books, however good, or even several dozen, cannot establish the easy familiarity with a period and with its atmosphere, without which interdisciplinary synthesis must limp. In the event, she gives us a serious exercise in lexicology that leaves the reader curious about historical context *sur sa faim*.

A good example of this occurs on the first page, where we are told that "a modern reader might well pause to wonder" at a passage that speaks of "défaiteisme de bavards... neutralisme de viedes de crânes... bolosisme d'émbochés". Since the passage in question is culled from a fairly unimportant daily paper of 1917, *Paris-Midi*, the modern reader, if one turns up, is likely to be some kind of specialist whose only possible stumble would be over the reference to Bolo Pacha and his attempt to gain control of a major newspaper, *Le Journal*, in order to manipulate it in the interests of his German paymasters. Yet, while the terms more easily understood by students of France and of French receive detailed - and not uninteresting - treatment, Bolo, once the image of treachery and corruption that this name evoked get only a few lines.

Catherine Slater makes the point that, while some of the wartime jargon is "in a certain sense familiar", little is known of how it functioned at the time. Here is a case where the jargon has become unfamiliar, and where the way it functioned could be illumined by more detail. Paul-Marie Bolo, perhaps not irrelevantly born in Marseille in 1867, was a neer-do-well who struck it rich. Of middle-class origins, brother of an ecclesiastical who wrote many edifying works and who alone came to defend him at his trial, himself a dentist, he distinguished himself chiefly as a shady operator, confidence trickster, bigamist and occasional *maquereau*, complete with a criminal record. This was the man who, not long before the war, became the Paris business agent of the Egyptian Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, who accorded him the exotic title with which he went down in history (and in the *faux* of Vincennes). When Abbas Hilmi's German sympathies led to his being checked out of Egypt, Bolo continued to work for the Khedive, now installed in Switzerland, and for his German friends, notably in trying to gain control of French newspapers. Several such attempts came to nothing, but negotiations to acquire *Le Journal* were forging ahead when the origin of Bolo's funds was traced to its German sources, and Bolo arrested. Not unrelated to Dr Slater's interests, the man with whom he dealt was a notorious *paria*, Senator Charles Humbert, known for his campaigns for "more men and more munitions".

Bolo's shady record, like that of the anarchist Aliméyreda of the *Bar* Rouge, who plays a large role in Dr Slater's pages as does his subversive publication, is significant because it shows how the polemical vocabulary of the war was used to attack not only with

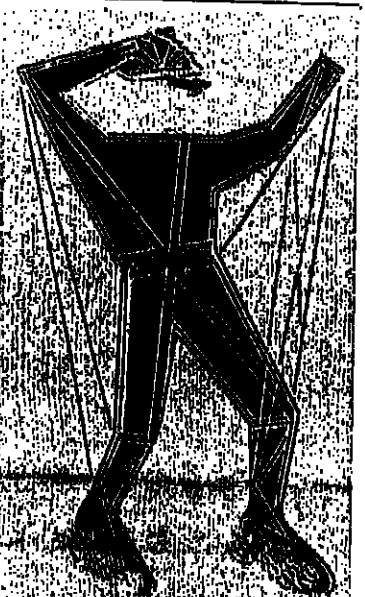
alleged traitors but with convicted felons. The argument of corruption by association provides a context relevant not only to the polemics that Dr Slater deals with, but to the way in which the invective that they generated functioned, and to the overtones (or undertones) a word like *bolosisme* might carry.

To a lesser degree, such cavils may be raised about other parts of the book. Given the frequent quotations from the *Gazette des Ardennes*, we might be told that, published from German-occupied Lille, this paper was, in effect, an instrument of German propaganda. The two words that aspect gets on page 4 can easily pass unnoticed. Given the attention paid - quite properly - to the family pejorative *boche* and to its derivatives, it seems strange to refer to the reader curious about its origin to works that must be ferried out of a library. On the other hand, I was fascinated to learn that *défaiteisme* was not coined by the French, but by a Russian writing in Russian from Paris in 1915, then translated and adopted from the Russian by French users in 1916, and especially in 1917 in relation to the Russian Revolution, finally and only later anglicized, during the winter of 1917-18, as "bolesism" had been, by Lloyd George. In the autumn of 1917.

It is interesting to see how eagerly the French, supposedly hemmed in by respect for the classical purity of their speech, went about coining and adopting pungent neologisms: *embusqué* and *bouillage* de crânes and *vidage* thereof, *émboché* (and *bochisme*, and *bochophile*, and *bochisme*, and the *bochectomie* by which one got rid of Germans and their dupes), *espionille*, and *offensive* (short-lived but expressive of a murderous reality leading to the mutinies of 1917), *neutrolisme* (coined in early 1915, in the debate over the stand that Italy would soon abandon) and, of course, *jaqu'amboulisme*, ascribed to Gallieni's proclamation of September 1914, promising to defend Paris to the end; as "On les aura" was popularized by Pétain's order of the day in April 1916, *on les aura* was ever manifested themselves, and for good reason. *Jaqu'amboulisme* trips more easily off the tongue, and it sounds far

better, I think, than the *jaqu'amboulisme* occasionally and unphonetically applied to Marshal MacMahon's supporters after May 16, 1917. It is also a close cousin of two more enduring coinages of the 1880s: *jemen-fichiste* and *jemenfichiste*.

The repertoire of those who recommended making war against war (it was too soon to advise making love instead) was poorer, even though a CGT manifesto of 1912, "Guerre à la guerre", launched a slogan that popular speech transformed into *la der des ders*. Beyond this, however, and with the exception of questionable locutions like *externisme*, the Left can show only one spicy coinage: *espionille*, as mentioned above, with its pulper derivatives - *espionisme* and *espionomanie*. Polemicists, who were polemicophobes relied heavily on revivals like *belliciste* (coined at the time of the Franco-Prussian war by opposition to *pacifiste*) and on well-worn idioms: *calot*, *fracard*, *bonlieusard* (invented by less bigoted Catholics to describe more bigoted ones), *vaillanterie*, *revaillard*, *patrouillisme* (first used



A linocut on paper mounted on board, 1922-23, by Kluckhohn-Russ. An Avant-Garde Art. The George Costakis Collection (527pp. Thames and Hudson. £28. 0 500 23345 4).

Resolving the contradictions

By Harold Shukman

TSUYOSHI HASEGAWA:
The February Revolution
Petrograd 1917
652pp. University of Washington Press. £13.
0 295 95765 4

In the view of Tsuyoshi Hasegawa, the February Revolution, which brought the Russian monarchy to an end, did not result solely from the actions of the liberals and military leadership, nor from those of the revolutionary parties. It was an eruption resulting from the fundamental contradictions inherent in the political conditions of pre-revolutionary Russia. Despite this perspective, however, Hasegawa concentrates most of his attention and virtually all of his space on Petrograd. In February 1917, as the setting, in which it was hoped these pre-revolutionary contradictions would be resolved. In those brief moments of the great event, when the masses of workers and soldiers, the revolutionary parties, the politicians, the military leaders, and one or two defenders of the monarchy. Thus, in order to arrive at a full understanding of this event, it is necessary to reconstruct the revolutionary process in its totality, and assess the significance of specific issues in that context. All previous

reconstructions, Hasegawa claims, have tended to be one-sided and it is the purpose of his book to repair the imbalances.

As outlined here, however, the revolution will seem to boil down to a manageable chain of reactions, a one generally accepted. It began with the revolt of the masses (both in and out of uniform), which embroiled the liberals and military leadership, who conspired to remove the Tsar and install a provisional government, intended to prosecute the war effort efficiently and bring about victory and political reform.

Hasegawa himself claims modesty to have provided "a number of minor reassessments and reinterpretations of events", not that his book "will totally reshape everything believed about the revolution". His modesty should be rewarded with praise for industry and achievement. Even if the highly-prized access to Soviet archives which he gained does not fundamentally change the picture, it has nevertheless enabled him to recapture the mood and atmosphere of the great event, where the historian's imagination alone might have failed.

On the basis of a very wide range of sources, spiced with archival material, Hasegawa goes over, the familiar ground, the rising impatience of the Duma, politicians, and their various schemes to remedy the situation, culminating in direct plots to remove the Tsar, the crisis of the

in 1789 against Lafayette and Réinvent several times since then), *paria* (coined during the great agrarian crisis of the early 1900s by opposition to *antipatriote* and *sans-patrie*), and the justly ephemeral *nationalard*.

The superiority of the Right in this war of words is striking, particularly in the case of Léon Daudet, a veritable catharine-wheel of verbal aberrations from the time of his earliest writings, inspired by his experiences as a medical student (*Les Moricotes*, 1894) and, certainly, by a jovially sustained hatred of ambient institutions. By 1914, Daudet's wit had been honed in the political strife that never really ceased throughout the Third Republic but rose to peculiar stridency in the 1890s and in the pre-war years. Percussive slogans, aphorisms, metaphors, and bethumping words, advanced what Julien Benda later described as one of the conquests of the modern age: the condensation of political passions into a small number of very simple hatreds. After all, as Jules Renard, another turner of the pungent phrase, found occasion to remark, "Le mot est l'excuse de la pensée"; a relevant consideration when universal suffrage called for lapidary phrases. Political polemics engendered the invective that would serve them. Daudet was one of the masters of the game, because he knew that invective had to be used with discrimination. "Nothing is more difficult to place properly than a foul word." Most of the time he placed them perfectly.

During the war, his vicious verve was responsible not only for stinging invective, but for puns like *embouché* (from *embauché*, ephemeral slurs like "le clan des Ya" and enduring figures of speech: *l'avant-guerre* in *guerre totale*).

The verbal pre-eminence of the Right is difficult to account for. If writing is simply a way of talking without being interrupted, *dit saloir* sharpen the polemic skills of their frequenters and the *salon's* late-nineteenth-century decline redirected their sharpened wits to new domains? Was it the simple advantage of a more articulate class? That is doubtful, when so many intellectuals stood on the opposite side. Or was it the audience that they addressed?

The impact of a neologism depends on its contrast with the term to which it derives. A wide vocabulary with Greek, and with logical (de)construction among the educated, encouraged verbal acrobatics and their appreciation. It could be that men steeped in the classical acquired a more piquant pen; or, determined love of humanity did not go with much sense of humor. Romain Rolland, the grand pacifist, the pacifist, *au-dessus de la mêlée* in self-imposed Swiss aloofness, serious concerns could lead one to take oneself seriously. Jules Renard's keen sense of serious solemnities told him that poetry belongs to the constipated.

A serious cast of mind did not keep Rolland from acute evaluation of what went on around and below the surface. Dr Slater quotes his observation that, right through the war, French politicians continued "far more preoccupied by their vicious rivalries than by the battle with the Germans. The 'extension' of one lot, the 'defeatism' of the other, [were] in the first place for exchange that begins when the points out to Humpty Dumpty that glory doesn't mean 'a nice little down argument'." "When I use word," Humpty Dumpty retorts, it means just what I choose it to mean - neither more nor less." "The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master - that's all."

This places the activities and the invective that Dr Slater has sketched in context, as one chapter of a long French war of the pen, century and a half. The jabs of the First World War's polemicalists sharpen their wits in the 1930s, and come into their own in the post-war instalment of a bloody saga of national feud: the years of Occupation and Collaboration. As it has been since 1889, or even since 1789, the intellectual organization of political hatreds remains a growth industry.

Cherchez l'homme

By Pat Rogers

WILLIAM E. KRUCK:
Looking for Dr. Condom
105pp. University of Alabama Press.
£11.75 0167 8

That a publication of the American Dialect Society (No 60) should prove to have no bearing on any sort of limited let alone American, is one of the less remarkable features of this book. The quest for Condom takes the form of a rambling and repetitive excursion, which ranges from obsolete theories of syphilis to the making of the OED. The sources include Huvelock Ellis, Magnus Hirschfeld, *Iconographia Gyniurica* (by Harold Speert, MD), Marie Slopes and Norman St John-Stevens. Those sighted along the way are Chaucer, Fallopian of the tubes, Bishop Oliver Sutton (fl 1280), Edmund Curll, and about seven thousand others.

The author's speciality is the dead end. Abandoned hypotheses, exploded notions, erroneous suppositions, light his path. He enjoys scoring up the wild geese that got away:

Condom fails to show up in the memoirs of letters of Sir John Resby (1634-89), MP, in the *History* and essays of Edward Hyde (1609-74), 1st Earl of Clarendon; and in the collected letters written between George Savile (1633-95), Marquis of Halifax, and his brother Henry (1642-87), envoy at Paris and Vice-Chamberlain to Charles II - men who were attached to the King and his court so closely that they would certainly have known of the royal physician's new invention. But Condom received mention from none of them.

Pages are taken up with nil returns. It emerges that a supposed reference to contraceptives in Madame de Sévigné is a mare's nest, too.

Dr Condom may never have ex-

isted, but I suppose Professor Kruck does. He likes his little joke: "Condom" is from 'condrum, a riddle', because the device is, in *Playboy's* opinion, difficult to put on. I mention this etymology only because completeness is one of the intended characteristics of my inquiry." But is this a joke?

The 29th of May, 1660, was the thirtieth birthday of Charles Stuart (1630-85). It was also his first day back in London after a fourteen-year exile spent in Scotland and on the Continent. It was his first day on the job: He was now Charles II, King of England. And it was the day that ended... with Charles spending the night with his favourite mistress, Mrs Barbara Palmer.

The author thinks that "it is not likely" that Eric Partridge (1894-1979) confused a lewd burlesque of 131 lines, entitled *A Panegyric upon Condom*, "with a poem which really did appear in 1667, *Paradise Lost*, for, although the former is a mock-heroic epic which aspires to the Homeric proportions of Milton's poem, the two are clearly distinguishable."

Theories of origin extend beyond the elusive Dr Condom. A Latin etymology was once dreamed up by Hans Fery (1649-1700), for Arnold Meyerhof, but since it requires the term to derive from an oblique case of a nonce-noun invented by Plautus in the *Pseudolus* - *absit omen!* - and used only once again, by Ausonius, the probability seems low. Another idea is that the term comes from a village in the *département* of Gers - an area chiefly known for a different contribution to human happiness, that is the production of Armagnac. Professor Kruck "exposes" this error on phonological grounds:

The French pronunciation of [the village] Condom rhymes with the American pronunciation of "hobo", but with the vowels nasalized in the French manner, and with stress on the second syllable:

Shadowy figures

By Valerie Adams

IAN SIMPSON ROSS:
William Dunbar
284pp. Leiden: E. J. Brill.
90 04 06216 5

Facts about Dunbar are scarce, but Ian Simpson Ross devotes four chapters of his book to matters of "Time, Space, and Date". Part of this is appropriate: Dunbar's poetry gives the impression of having been written from within a full and varied social circle, of which, however, we are allowed only uncertain glimpses. The autobiographical poses, the sharp sketches of incidents at court, the celebrations of such shadowy historical figures as Andro Kennedy, drunken court physician, and John Damian, alchemist and experimenter with man-powered flight - these need to be set against some account of what the court of James IV was like. Ross - following rather closely R. L. Mackie's *King James IV of Scotland* - describes at length the King's marriage to Margaret Tudor, and some of his activities in the first decade of the sixteenth century. But the inclusion of a chapter on Flodden is puzzling, since records of the poet's existence cease before the battle.

Ross gives some space to an account of the kind of education Dunbar could have had, making in the course of this some vague and questionable inferences: that there is a link between the poet's conservative attitude to poetry and his youthful study of old-fashioned text-books (Donatus, Priscian); that the structure of his poem shows evidence of his diligence as a student of logic; and that his interest in language was fostered by the study of grammar and rhetoric. Even more question-

able, but I suppose Professor Kruck does. He likes his little joke: "Condom" is from 'condrum, a riddle', because the device is, in *Playboy's* opinion, difficult to put on. I mention this etymology only because completeness is one of the intended characteristics of my inquiry." But is this a joke?

So we are thrust back to Dr Condom, whose fame has spread in most European languages. (The world-famous - *Kondom, condom* - have a weird familiarity like that of the Russian verb *bolokrovat*.) The first printed occurrence of the word, duly listed in the Supplement to the OED, is in a verse reply to Defoe in 1706. Unfortunately, among all the myriad useless items consulted by Kruck, he has not hit upon the excellent modern edition of this poem by F. H. Ellis in the *Yale Poems on Affairs of State*, which would have given him literary echoes (the Wife of Bath's quotation) and other assistance. He doesn't know that it has been catalogued (Foxon H9: Downie/Rogers 206). Foxon (K12) would also have told him that "a poem entitled *The Machine* (1744)" is a re-working of the verses he discusses most fully, earlier named "Armour". Foxon cites a relevant note from Rawlinson's collections. Again, Straus and others could have told the author that the "Merryland" tales were commissioned and paid for by Cull: the suggestion that an obscure work, sponsored by an obscure Britanin in 1741 might actually be the work of Charles Cotton defies rational belief.

I do not know if the real Condom will ever (as it were) stand up, or if he existed. Professor Kruck has looked in all sorts of unlikely places: but some of the likelier ones (military rolls in the Public Record Office, for example) have not been properly checked. The present inquiry remains a monument to a certain kind of philological enterprise. With an ear cocked askew, as only philologists can manage it, etymological innocence walks abroad among the banned books of history. The books are mostly a bore, but the etymology is endlessly diverting. It's seldom one encounters more matter with less art.

The French pronunciation of [the village] Condom rhymes with the American pronunciation of "hobo", but with the vowels nasalized in the French manner, and with stress on the second syllable:

For his discussion of the poems, he adopts the five-part division of the Bannatyne Manuscript - "Theology", "Wisdom and Morality", "Merry", "of Love" and "Fables", and Bannatyne's classification of the forty-one poems of Dunbar that he included. Ross's uncritical adherence to this scheme gives him some difficulty. Under "Fabill's Wyls and Sapient" Bannatyne included "The Thrissill and the Rois" and "The Goldyn Targe", along with Henryson's fables and some miscellaneous pieces (though not Dunbar's, only beast-fable). The Wowing of the King when he was in Dunfermling, and Ross spends some unprofitable pages trying to make a definition of "fable" fit the two dream-poems.

"Balletis Mirry and Vther Solatus Consaltis" in the Bannatyne Manuscript are a mixed group. They include "The Lament for the Makaris", "The Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis", and other not very "merry" works. It has been argued, and Ross repeats the argument, that Bannatyne was a careful editor, and that his inclusion of such reminders of vanity and mortality in this group says something about his serious view of the nature of comedy. But Ross goes on to suggest that Dunbar's comic pieces should therefore be seen "in a moral perspective", and this leads to some debatable judgments of tone.

"The Antechrist", a dream-encounter and a witty variation on the petitionary poem, which depicts John Damian in eagle's feathers, disguised as a gyphon, is a piece which Bannatyne might well have thought amusing. It suggests for Ross, who

adduces contemporary engravings of gryphons, "an evil beyond the reach of comic fantasy". "The Dregh of Dunbar", a parody of parts of the Office for the Dead, contrasts Purgatory and Heaven, the deprivations of Stirling, where the King often spent Lent, with the gastronomic delights of Edinburgh. Ross views this *jeu d'esprit* as teaching that "wholesale indulgence in the pleasures of the body is a kind of death".

This book is the first full-length study of Dunbar to take advantage of James Kinsley's Oxford edition. But Ross seems uninterested in the establishment of the canon. Pieces generally thought not to be Dunbar's, such as "Harry, harry, hobblis-schow" and "The ballad of Kynd Kittok", are treated in the same way as the other poems, and scholarly argument is brushed aside. There are no convincing grounds for attributing to Dunbar the poem in praise of London ("London thow art of townys A per se") but Ross discusses it twice, and quotes it at length. In connection with Dunbar's visit to England and as a companion piece to "To Aberdene".

Much space in the chapters on the poems, it must be said, is taken up with paraphrase, which is particularly wearisome in the case of longer pieces like "The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy" and "The Treit of the Tun Marit, Wemen and the Wedo". Ross unfortunately offers very little more than a sincere admiration for Dunbar.

Of *Virgils Muses* and of *Love* (219pp. Irish Academic Press: Kill Lane, Kil-o-the-Grange, Blackrock, County Dublin. £16. 0 7165 0099 X) is a scholarly study by Toin O'Neill of Ugo Foscolo's major poem, *Del Sepolcro*, written in 1807. The book is one in a series of publications sponsored by the Foundation for Italian Studies at University College, Dublin.

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commentary



A study by Rembrandt of a lioness eating a bird, one of several Old Master drawings purchased by Richard Payne Knight, whose preference was for "effusions of the moment" rather than finished works, believing that the true connoisseur could detect an artist's genius in his drawings. Rembrandt was possibly Knight's favourite artist; he referred to him as "the great founder of the Dutch school" and collected several of his drawings and paintings. The drawing is currently on loan from the British Museum to the exhibition reviewed here.

The property of a gentleman

By Grevel Lindop

The Arrogant Connoisseur: Richard Payne Knight 1751-1824
Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester

Perhaps it is only natural that people renowned in their own day for "taste" should seem remarkable to posterity for their lack of it. Richard Payne Knight - classicist, traveller, bon vivant, amateur architect, indifferent poet, student of the "Worship of Priapus" and, above all, collector - was in many ways a pioneer of Romantic taste. But if he is remembered today, it is chiefly as the connoisseur who refused to see the merit of the Elgin Marbles.

More important, in truth, was his formation of a collection of 1,144 Old Master drawings, including work by Claude, Rubens, Raphael and Michelangelo, which he bequeathed to the British Museum. The "Whitworth Art Gallery" exhibition (open until April 3) tries to do justice to Knight by reassembling a small part of his immense collection (comprising paintings, Greek and Roman sculpture, gems, cameos and coins as well as drawings) and presenting it in the context of Knight's quarrelsome life and times. Separate displays are devoted to his experiments in architecture and landscaping at Downton Castle in Shropshire; to his travels in Sicily, which he explored, with J. P. Hackert, and Charles Gore, who recorded the venture in a delightfully evocative series of watercolours; and to his involvement in antiquarian scholarship and controversy, including the row over the Parthenon marbles. Knight stubbornly persisted in marginalizing them as second-century restoration work long after the government, to his disgust, had bought them and lodged them in the British Museum.

Knight's collection seems to have been of variable quality. At its best it was very good indeed; particularly fine items on display include two Rembrandt studies of lionesses; a small, jewel-like "Annunciation" and the "Crucifixion" by Bernard van Orley; and a Rubens study for a Crucifixion.

But among the glittering variety one looks for some pattern that might betray the individuality of the collector. It is not easy to find one. There are traces of Knight's interest in erotic (or, more precisely, phallic) themes in his notorious work of the "Worship of Priapus" and in the "Worship of

Priapus, is on display, as are two of the antique erotic bronzes he owned; but such matters seem to have been peripheral to his collecting interests. Unless, that is, Sir Thomas Lawrence was right in his suspicion that Knight's "sensuality" to some extent vitiated his taste. For there are indeed recurrent touches of vulgarity. At the time when Blake was lamenting "the wretched State of the arts in this Country", Knight was doing his best to encourage British art by patronizing the plausible sham.

Sharing the fashionable enthusiasm for Salvator Rosa - "the Quack Doctor of Painting" in Blake's deadly phrase - Knight collected the pleasant but vacuous work of Rosa's English imitator John Hamilton Mortimer and the meretricious productions of the skilful pasticheur Richard Westall. The exhibition includes a fascinating display of Westall's sentimental "Harvesters in a Storm"; a languishing "Flora"; a smirking "Vertumnus and Pomona"; and a "Grecian Wedding" whose melodramatic lighting and extravagant daylight in a costume recall the grandest day of Hollywood.

Yet the trait most persistently in evidence is something quite different; a constant concern with landscape, focusing particularly on the

picturesque quality of trees. Throughout the exhibition one comes upon detailed studies of trees and woodland by Claude, Ruysdael, Van Dyck, Gainsborough and many others. Knight, who waged relentless war against what he saw as the bland, characterless ideals of landscape promoted by Brown and Repton, preferred a landscape almost overgrown with trees, as a means to the "wilderness" and "irregularity" on which he placed so high a value. The finest product of his patronage is surely the *Twelve Views of the River Thames at Downton* he commissioned from Thomas Hearne; a group of watercolours remarkable for the subdued richness of their colouring, and their sensitive rendering of rock, water, cloud and massed foliage. The wooded landscape is a feature of Knight's own estate; and one flamboyant, frangible connoisseur, landowner whose taste was soundest when it stayed closest to home.

A catalogue of the exhibition together with essays on Richard Payne Knight, edited by Michael Clarke and Nicholas Penny, is available at the exhibition of £5, or from Manchester University Press from £9.50 paperback (0 7190 0872 7), £30 hardback (0 7190 0871 9).

Illusionists

He claps the girl in a box painted with dragons.
She struggles a little stepping in and we laugh
as the locks snap, shaking loose
some flakes of lacquer. Now he's kissing her goodbye;
she is already his late, his dearly departed, one.
Tonight he swears he will really slice her in three.
A black finger strokes the box
sliding through knees, waist, throat.
His face stars down at us, a painted plate on a high shelf.
He regrets her haemophilia while he tests the locks.
Next the broad, flat blades
slicing silver sheets skipping flat stones of light
across the surface of our anticipation. We sink in our seats.
His head is talking now, begging us to make him stop,
telling of the special meal he took before the show
when tied to the chair he made her watch,
makes us see the painted plates scraped clear,
steel times combing porcelain until it shrieks;
the first blade hits the light stoning the audience
and someone near me screams as he knives his meat.

Christopher Hope

Juxtapositions

By Simon Passmore

Kitaj's Compass
Kunsthalle, Düsseldorf

This major retrospective which has arrived from the United States and can be seen in Düsseldorf until March 21 is the first exhibition in which it is possible to appreciate the scope of R. B. Kitaj's oeuvre. Here a picture from the 1960s such as "The Murder of Rosa Luxemburg", with its politics and impatient imagery, seems very much a museum piece. That is one side of Kitaj, the side best known from public collections, where bright colours, comic-book figures and precise draughtsmanship jostle uneasily, confronting the viewer with a complex of reference and suggestion. But this exhibition devotes only one of its three rooms to such gallery paintings, with their urgent rhetoric of sex, war, race, crime, violence and politics. A picture of the baseball players Sisler and Schoendienst painted in 1967 shows a very different approach. Baseball stars enjoy a special place in any modern American pantheon, but these two faces are strikingly vulnerable. Batman and Superman receive a similar treatment, painted by Kitaj as private individuals within the public property of their super-hero costumes. Superman resembles a shy academic, Batman a vague housemaster in carpet slippers.

Yet Kitaj has continued to paint big, allegorical pictures. One of these, "The Autumn of Central Paris" (After Walter Benjamin), is especially fine, combining the precise portrait style used for the figures with a great sweep of irregular forms and details bound in place by large areas of solid colour. The synthesis of "The Murder of Rosa Luxemburg" (on loan from the Tate Gallery) has become more controlled, and Kitaj employed the same style in "If Not, Not", painted between 1975 and 1976. During this period, though, there is a marked change of direction with Kitaj's interest in life studies and, in particular, his rediscovery of Degas. The pastels from this period are extraordinary, especially after the rhetoric of the large oils. With the loss of bright colours and strong contrasts, attention is focused more precisely on specifics, often a single face or gesture. Bringing all his experience to this act of relearning, Kitaj invests his pastels with great authority, combining the

student's attention with the knowledge of a master.

Few of these pastels deal with private experience, though all are highly personal. At his best, Kitaj has united the extensive range of the oil paintings with the intensive concentration of a study drawn from life, as in "The Rise of Fascism" (also from the Tate). Here the concerns of the public domain have been absorbed within the personal: three women responding in different ways to the slim bomber in one corner of the picture are joined by a cat in a state of brutalization.

In a similar way the series of three pastel and charcoal drawings called "Bad Faith" use closely-observed individuals to articulate a general concern. The instances of bad faith are Chile, the Gulag and Warsaw; each an implicit conflict between political abstraction and the individual is dramatized, and in making this personal Kitaj has employed a very different strategy from that of the 1960s paintings. The technique here has been to juxtapose each figure with one or two objects, establishing simple but intense relationships between them. In "Chile" a man's strained face is turned into an inverted clock; the woman in "Gulag" is watched by a mouse while "Bad Faith (Warsaw)" shows a girl's rounded body fixed in a tight geometry of cell walls, barred window and iron bed - the spirit of Degas imprisoned in the imagination of Mondrian.

It is Degas, Kitaj's mentor throughout the drawings, who provides the subject for one of the finest pictures in the exhibition. Concentrating a world of knowledge and love into his portrait of the painter as an old man, Kitaj has created what is almost an icon. Seen with the "Self-Portrait in Saragossa", the two pastels present opposite poles of the artist: the tranquil old man and the wild stray with bared teeth and flashing eyes. Behind the artist in the "Self-Portrait" stretches a long corridor of open doors, and the energy and sense of new directions suggested by the whole picture is borne out by the vitality of the exhibition; the three most recent paintings, "The Garden", "Rock Garden" (The Nation) and "Grey Girl", look like another departure, using oil with a regard for their texture quite unlike earlier work. Kitaj's wide compass of approaches and techniques shows him to be more than a stylist. So, too, does his ease with tradition; a picture such as "Mind Street under Snow" might borrow a street from Edward Hopper and a balcony from Edouard Manet, but they are seen, distinctively, through the eyes of Ron Kitaj.

Sir Edwin Landseer
Tate Gallery

In recent years the Tate Gallery has fulfilled its role as the gallery of historic British art by mounting a series of comprehensive exhibitions devoted to our most eminent painters. Those for Hogarth, Gainsborough, Constable and Blake have all made significant contributions to the knowledge and understanding of their subjects. Now Landseer, in an exhibition which continues until April 12, has been added to this pantheon. Even though it is no longer possible to convulse a Hampstead dinner-party with a mere reference to "The Stag at Bay", some eyebrows will no doubt be raised at this unexpected choice of artist. It is encouraging that he emerges from the test of a large exhibition with his reputation enhanced. There is more sustained power and more variety of interest than many who already admired aspects of his work might have expected.

No doubt Landseer will profit from the reassessment now being given to all things Victorian. Yet half of the exhibits were painted before Victoria came to the throne. He is strictly a Regency artist, who had a second flowering in the Victorian era through the rich patronage lavished on him by the Queen.

The exhibition is arranged round certain dominant themes, such as "The Noble Dog", "In the Highlands", "The Artist at Court" and "The Heroic Stag", groupings which are followed in the catalogue. The prospects of publishing new research into individual artists have become so limited that exhibition catalogues have become a major repository of advances in art-history. This development has been faced squarely here and the catalogue is a monograph on the painter, published both in hardback (£24.95, Thames and Hudson, £16.00 0 500 09152 8) and paperback (The Tate Gallery, £5.95, 0 905005 97 X). It contains a biography of the artist and a detailed analysis of the exhibited works by Richard Ormond, with some contributions by Robin Hamlyn. It also includes a fascinating investigation of Landseer's reputation on the Continent by Joseph Rishel, who conceived the idea of the exhibition and gave it its first showing in Philadelphia.

The volume makes as good a textbook for Landseer studies as could be wished. Its only deficiency is that, inevitably, it deals solely with the exhibited works, and is therefore not

commentary

From thoroughbred to mongrel

By Graham Reynolds

the complete catalogue which so ambitious a volume might be expected to comprise. But this is not a great defect, since the range of the exhibition is so comprehensive.

The first section of the exhibition is called "The Youthful Prodigy, 1812-1827" and the astonishing group of works done before he was twenty-five shows that this is no false claim. More weight might have been given in the text to the important contribution which Edwin's father, John Landseer, made to his son's success. Crotchety he may have

moner, from thoroughbred to mongrel.

Landseer is most truly a Regency artist in his attitude to Nature red in tooth and claw. "The Cat's Paw" was exhibited in the year the RSPCA was founded, yet, as Ormond points out, it attracted no adverse comment from the squeamish. If at times the artist seemed to indulge a love of cruelty for its own sake it did not deter his patrons. Lord Aberdeen, when commissioning "The Otter Hunt" stated that he was a subject "he would wish to live

because it consists solely of the dog and Prince Albert's opera hat and gloves. "Windsor Castle in Modern Times" with the whole bag of game strewn about the Green Drawing Room in front of the Prince and the Queen just looks comical. But Landseer had his own sense of fun, and his spirited caricatures are matched by his portrait of the Princess Victoria. Both the sinner and her dog are seen from behind, and there is a delightful visual pun between the ringlets of 1839 and the spaniel's ears.

The exhibition organizers have had the happy thought of arranging, on three afternoons a week, a demonstration of printing from the engraved plates of "The Monarch of the Glen" and other popular subjects, for which the original plates still exist in the stocks of that marvellous repository of Victorian imagery, Messrs Thomas Ross & Sons. This is an imaginative and appropriate adjunct to the exhibition. As Joseph Rishel's account shows, Landseer's reputation abroad rested on the wide circulation of his engravings. As the son and brother of engravers he well knew the importance of this method of publication. A number of impressions have been put on view, magnificent examples of the unproductive engraver's skill. It is odd to read that when the French saw the paintings themselves, rather than engravings after them, they disliked Landseer's technique and colour. It was by no means the first time an artist had lost his reputation for this reason. John Martin enjoyed an enormous reputation on the continent on the strength of the mezzotints of "Belshazzar's Feast" and other "machines"; the sight of the originals was a bitter disappointment. In Martin's case this was not an unexpected or unjust verdict; his handling was unrefined and his colour foxy. But it is surprising that Landseer should be adversely judged for his technique. We should expect the French, with their love of the *cuisine* of painting, to value the incredible virtuosity which Landseer displayed so effortlessly in the textures of the dog's coats in "High Life" and "Low Life", or any of his early animal compositions.

Certainly he is no Delacroix of colouring, but his deficiencies in this field are not so great as might be thought. He bases his pictures on a range of earth colours but has an excellent sense of tone. The exhibition shows how rapidly he progressed from the dull monochrome of "Fighting Dogs" to the chromaticism of "Arab Stallions". Some of his sketches in the Highlands, such as "Glenfeshie", when he was relaxed and happy, are positively bathed in sunshine. Yet he was a tonal painter and it is hardly surprising that, rebelling against such methods, the Pre-Raphaelites caused a sensation with their high key of colour on a transparent ground. There was a revolution comparable with that achieved by the Impressionists' attitude to light.

Compared with the former temporary exhibition area in the Tate Gallery the new galleries make a far more acceptable venue for an exhibition of this degree of ambition. Instead of being in a labyrinthine maze under artificial light it is possible to see the exhibits on the walls of a series of rooms. The pictures are displayed with ample space round them, which sets off their full effect. The roof of the new galleries is still a distracting influence, top heavy and opaque; still, some degree of natural light mingles with the spotlights to make for better viewing. This exhibition itself is an imaginative revival of an unjustly neglected but immensely gifted artist. In his way he is as insular, as individual, as eccentric as Hogarth, Blake or Turner; he is unique in his ability to express the bond between the animal kingdom and human kind.



Sir Edwin Landseer c 1860

been, but, as well as being a fine professional engraver, he was for his times an enlightened critic of contemporary art. It was he who first gave intelligent praise to Turner in a review he started in 1808. It is to his credit that he recognized his son's genius at an early age and developed without stifling it. It was probably his friendship with John Landseer which led Constable to praise the sixteen year old's "Fighting Dogs Getting Wind". He extended to his infant prodigy, a charity he did not feel for the equally precocious Bonington. In one of his more oracular moments he declared "There has never been a boy painter, nor can there be. The art requires a long apprenticeship, being mechanical as well as intellectual." It is true that the history of painting provides few parallels to music, in which infant prodigies abound. And although Constable suspended his harsh judgment in the case of Landseer there may be some underlying truth which explains a certain deficiency in his equipment. It was the intellectual, rather than the mechanical, aspects of his art that his precocious blossoming left defective. "Chevy Chase" is a failure because it lacks a real insight into the past it supposedly illustrates.

But though he may have been lacking in intellectual depth he was abundantly gifted with the pre-rational quality of intuition. This insight is of course most fully revealed in his feeling for animals. It is a sympathy he shares with a vast number of his fellow countrymen. Other artists had marked the social class of owners by their dogs; Mulready, a contemporary of Landseer, among them. But no one enters so deeply into the psychological bond between hunter and hunted, or between man and pet. He makes the point over and over again that this link is universal; it runs from royalty to com-

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Auden never did enough for the *Hermit* to get busy about.

From a letter written to Berlau around August 1945, it appears that before leaving Finland he had met unnamed "people" whom he told he planned to "see Berlin again" once the war had been over for a suitable length of time. There is certainly no sign in these letters of any intention - or even temptation - to settle permanently in the United States, and although there are some twenty letters from the otherwise thinly documented years of 1946 the general purport of these only confirms the story as we know it. Thus writing again to Caspar Neher after a gap of nearly a year, he wastes no effort on polite genialities but gets straight to the point: "Clearly the main thing at present is survival. The best answer would be if we could resume our collaboration in the theatre as soon as possible."

With Piscator hesitant about leaving America and many other former allies now alienated, dead or out of touch, his old school friend became a key figure in his European plans (it was Neher, not he, who first took Austrian citizenship). Generally, the letters become less interesting once he begins to realize these: they amount to three-eighths of the total number printed, but they are too often formal or quasi-diplomatic (as collaborators and concessions are sought for the newly-established Berliner Ensemble) or concerned with matters of primarily East German relevance. Nevertheless they shed crucial light on some of the main points of controversy (often rather facetious controversy admittedly, sparked off by the Cold War) of Brecht's last years: his banking and passport arrangements and, less trivially, the conflicts with the party aestheticians over the Ensemble's re-

pertoire, the *Lucullus* opera and the old problem of Realism, along with the effects on him, both public and private, of the crisis of June 17, 1953.

Willings as he now shows himself to join in the reconstruction of his country, he remains as obdurate as ever in defence of his own conception of art. Invited by Wolfgang Harich to contribute to a Festschrift in honour of Lukács's seventieth birthday, he expresses great interest in the *geschichtsphilosophisch* aspect of the Hungarian's work, particularly in relation to non-twentieth century literature, though regretting the damage caused by its practical application to living writers. Unfortunately "the amount of time and the degree of interest available to me do not allow me to formulate this adequately," he will send the old man a telegram instead. Did he? If so one would expect the notes to say but they do not.

The presentation and editing of these letters are good. The selection printed in the first volume gives us nearly half the available material, letters signed by Brecht but often written by his various aides. It is very likely that he censored his own correspondence; thus he tells Apelin in the Vladivostok letter that any letters from him in America will be signed "Karl Kinner". And no doubt discretion of one kind or another has helped determine what was left out, though there seems no reason for overlooking his first letter to "dear comrade Auden" in 1936, which invited Auden to translate *Roundheads and Pointed Heads* (for £25) and visit the Brechts in Denmark, presumably on his way to or from Iceland. The second volume consists of indexes and notes, the latter being admirably systematic and well-informed, making good use of the resources of the

Brecht-Archiv where Hans Glaeser has worked for some years. There are really only two main criticisms, given the great problem of bringing out such an edition at all. First it might have been helpful if those letters which were only drafted and not sent were distinguished by some kind of mark in the main text. And secondly, short, single-paragraph notes on some of the familiar addressees are needed, particularly by those unacquainted with details of the East German scene. But generally this seems likely to rank as a most valuable contribution both to literature and to the political intellectual history of our time. Now these areas it forms a good moment to say that it is a man, in a terribly precarious world, judged himself severely but knew that nobody else was right.

ECONOMICS

Prophecy and persuasion

By Alec Cairncross

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES: *Activities 1922-9: The Return to Gold and Industrial Policy*. Volume XIX of the Collected Writings of John Maynard Keynes. Edited by Donald Moggridge. Two volumes, 923pp. Macmillan/Cambridge University Press for the Royal Economic Society, £40. 0 333 10727 6

These two volumes, covering the period from a week after the meeting of the Carlton Club that brought down Lloyd George's Coalition Government to the month of the Wall Street crash, contain over 800 pages of Keynes's miscellaneous writings in the 1920s: letters, published and unpublished, articles and comments in newspapers and journals, notes for speeches, transcripts of lectures, broadcast talks, evidence to government committees. They show Keynes deeply involved in public controversy and busy re-thinking the theoretical and practical aspects of the monetary and financial policy. His *Treatise on Money* came out in 1923 and the *Treatise on Finance* was taken up by late 1929. But it was not only financial policy that preoccupied him. He was spending a great deal of time on what would now be called industrial policy, drafting parts of the Liberal Yellow Book on *Britain's Industrial Future*, lecturing on *The End of Laissez-Faire* and trying to persuade the cotton industry of the virtues of amalgamations or, failing amalgamations, a cartel.

Volume XIX of the *Collected Writings of John Maynard Keynes* gives us a rather fuller picture of the man: getting things the wrong way round in a public lecture; refusing an invitation to stand for Parliament because he wanted to get on with the writing of the *Treatise*; rejecting nomination to the Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade on the grounds that his work would be better carried out by "a very small Committee of specially qualified persons" with a suitable staff of investigators; indulging his penchant for telling arithmetic by calculating that, in the management of the national debt, Bank of England clerks spent a quarter, if not half, an hour on the average in dealing with each printed dividend warrant.

More important, the picture that emerges is one of greater intellectual consistency and a more moderate and persuasive tone in debate than is usually implied by Keynes's critics. When he is taunted with a change of view he is nearly always able to show that none has occurred or even that his critics who have been converted to a different view and by suggesting the opposite is "lacking in candour". His barbs are usually reserved for the stuffed shirts among the politicians: "Mr Pringle (an old-fashioned Liberal) is wrong - when is he not?" "If Sir Laming (Worthington Evans) can increase unemployment to two million, he may have the satisfaction of seeing prices fall a little further". The tone of his investigations than with his method of inquiry. It is characteristic of Hirschman that he looks for the many different ways in which phenomena are connected to one another. Indeed one of his essays is entitled "A Generalized Linkage Approach to Development" - but the connections he highlights are rarely direct or straightforward. His approach is circuitous; the most important linkages are often indirect, intellectual progress frequently requires lengthy detours and forays into seemingly unrelated areas; paradox abounds. Paul Klee's painting of "Highways and Byways" reproduced as the frontispiece to his *Journeys* is a good illustration of this. Hirschman's method as well as his view of the ways of the world. His essays are charming, subtle and sophisticated, a delight to read. The problem is that while one can follow his argument one cannot replicate his method.

The collection begins with an essay on "The Rise and Decline of Development Economics". Hirschman here attributes the rapid expansion

wrote, the less success he had in convincing. This is particularly striking in the episode that dominated the 1920s - the return to the gold standard in 1925. Keynes was not originally opposed to a fixed parity. Indeed, in December 1922 he emphasized some of the disadvantages of floating rates (especially the need to rely on speculative finance to handle seasonal swings). It would have been "very much wiser" in 1919-20, he suggested, to peg the rate at 75 per cent of its pre-war parity. If parity with the dollar was ever to be restored, the sooner it was done the better. It might well turn out that parity had been a profound mistake which had set back trade recovery, increased unemployment and "put off the moment of equilibrium" by six months to two years. Over the next two years his warnings against the return to the pre-war parity did not go unheeded but, as is evident from a long letter in July 1924 from Sir Charles Addis, the monetary authorities feared the uncertainties of a floating rate more than the dangers of an overvalued pound.

Why then was there no serious proposal to return at once to a fixed but lower parity? The possibility of

going back at \$4.40 or \$4.80 to the £1, which Keynes had touched on in 1922, was simply not considered. The debate - so far as there was one - seems to have been almost entirely about timing. Keynes arguing for a postponement until, at an unchanged price level, sterling floated up to the old parity while his opponents gave priority to an immediate locking of the exchange rate. Where Keynes was keenly aware of "the virtual impossibility" of forcing money wages into line with international prices at a higher rate of exchange, and the consequent risk of aggravating unemployment, the City bankers had their eye on the risk to Britain's position as an international banker and made little of wage adjustments.

We shall never know what arguments moved Churchill at the famous session with Keynes and McKenna, described in Sir James Grigg's *Prejudice and Judgment*. But it would seem to be one more illustration of the reluctance of British governments to contemplate a deliberate lowering of the exchange rate - a reluctance that had fortunately gone by 1932 after the abandonment of the gold standard. It may be that the more skilful exchange rate management of the 1930s owed something to the unfortunate experi-

ences of the 1920s. It is likely, too, that a lower exchange rate would have had only a limited effect on unemployment in the older export industries. The Great Depression swamped the damage done by the return to gold. But Keynes was right to insist that 1925 was one of the few occasions when the government could act decisively to push the economy in one direction or the other and it chose to push in the wrong direction.

Keynes's views on financial policy were closely linked to his views on industrial policy. After all, it was the high exchange rate that was at the root of industry's difficulties. If the government would only attend to the things that it alone could do, it would have less occasion to intervene in industrial affairs. Scattered through these volumes are the echoes of modern controversies. "Crowding out" appears as "orthodox Treasury dogma" and is briskly refuted: "When anybody does anything - puts up a factory, builds a house, smokes a cigar - it tends to put the rate of interest up. If, on the contrary, we were all dead, the rate of interest would sink to nothing." The monetarist theory of the balance of pay-

ments is hinted at in a discussion of Turkey: "once you have a sound currency regulated on sound lines it cannot become depreciated by what is called the adverse balance of trade". The multiplier is described but not named. Even the Scandinavian theory of inflation is dealt some heavy blows in the analysis of prices in sheltered and unsheltered industries.

When we look back on what Keynes wrote in those years, can we claim to have advanced in our understanding of the problems of economic management? At least no Chancellor now tells us, like Philip Snowden, that "only two men understand the foreign exchanges, of whom one is dead and the other in a lunatic asylum." The models of economists are more and more sophisticated. But are the economists less divided or more influential? The sophistries that Keynes set himself to destroy still live on and gain currency when still are working badly. New sophistries of greater intellectual merit have become even more widespread. Yet in a similar situation Keynes's faith in the power of persuasion remained unshaken after many disappointments. Perhaps like him economists should be "not confident but not pessimistic".

Native and exotic varieties

By Bernard Bergonzi

ALAN YOUNG: *Dada and After: Extremist Modernism and English Literature*. 247pp. Manchester University Press, £17.50. 0 7190 0822 0

The key to Alan Young's book lies in the modest conjunction of its subtitle. By "extremist modernism" he means the subversive revolutions of Continental Dadaism and Surrealism, as opposed to the modernism of the Anglo-American masters, Eliot, Pound, Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Lawrence, Ford and the rest, which was conscious tradition as well as innovative. Mr Young does not discuss extremist modernism in English literature, since that would be to write about an absence, but extremist modernism and English literature, which involves, a careful tracing of the faint flickers of recognition and puzzled interest shown by English writers during the 1920s, until a mild version of international Surrealism finally reached England in the mid-1930s. On the other side of the coin, French extremist writers were receptive to a very selective version of English literary tradition, which they read as proto-Surrealist. At the heart of *Dada and After* is the analysis of a significant non-event: the failure of modernist extremism to affect English writers and the possible reasons for the failure. Young is a fair-minded and erudite literary historian, who is well acquainted with the texts, artifacts, and documents of Dada and its Surrealist successors, but his inclinations are mildly conservative and he is unsympathetic to the rhetoric of extremist modernism. He is understandably impatient with Edward Lucie-Smith for suggesting that Isaac Rosenberg and Owen, for all their talents and the extremity of their war-time experience, were somehow less "central" than the frivolous Cocteau.

Young alternates accounts of the Continental development of Dada and Surrealism from 1915 onwards with descriptions of English responses, where they can be found, to these movements. The Dada story is familiar, beginning with the iconoclastic manifestations by Hans Arp and Tristan Tzara at the Cabaret Voltaire in Zürich in 1916 and continuing in Paris when Tzara moved there in 1920. The origins of Dada in neutral Switzerland in the middle of the war kept it remote from the English avant-garde, but its post-war French developments were talked about in England, and Aldous Huxley was one writer who was knowledgeable, though sceptical about the movement; he had been present at the launching of Dada in Paris on January 23, 1920, when Tzara had given a reading of onomatopoeic poems, according to Huxley, of a newspaper article, according to Tzara himself to the accompaniment of a loud electric bell.

In November 1920, E. S. Poiré, who wrote some parts of the *Journal*, published a meditation of modern French

poetry to English readers, wrote a long article in *The Chapbook* trying to describe what the Dada poets were up to and what could be said for them, and he was disturbed by their rejection of the purpose and value of art, a rejection which was central to the Dadaist aesthetic, to use a contradictory term. Young sees Eliot's rejection of the Dadaist rejection as characteristic of English attitudes; the avant-garde in England took the value of art for granted, whatever was thought in other countries. Dada may have been discussed in 1920 but it had no ascertainable effect on English writing. It is true that some critics described the mild audacities of Edith Sitwell's *Facade* as "Dadaist" but this arose from simple ignorance, as Young points out, she was working in a line of highly conscious and self-conscious aestheticism, which had nothing in common with the Dada attack on art as a bourgeois delusion.

T. S. Eliot, writing in *The Tyro* in 1921, scored a magisterial bull's-eye when he insisted that Dada was a strictly French affair, or had become so by then: "If French culture is too uniform, monotonous, English culture when it is found, is too freakish and odd. Dadaism is a diagnosis of a disease of the French mind; whatever lesson we extract from it will not be directly applicable in London." Eliot implies, surely correctly, that Dada was the latest manifestation of the implacably anti-bourgeois spirit that dominated radical French intellectuals, and of a recurring literary revolt against neoclassical and parnasian ideals. To which one might add the historical consideration that French culture and suffering during the First World War had been proportionately greater and more traumatic than British, and perhaps provoked a more extreme reaction.

In the course of testing for traces of Dada influence in England Young provides a valuable detailed and well-documented account of the poetic activity and the little reviews of the immediate post-war years. He continues the story into the late 1920s, when Dadaism had become Surrealism, which did have an aesthetic and believed in art, albeit a revolutionary and subversive art. English and American avant-garde writers, particularly those living in Paris, were aware of the movement but they had other allegiances. The review *Transatlantic*, with which the young Samuel Beckett was associated, was not very sympathetic to Surrealism and instead boosted Joyce's *Wake*, then appearing as "Work in Progress", which was a text of prodigious deliberation and control, as opposed to the fusion of conscious and unconscious activity practised by the Surrealists. When English Surrealism finally arrived in England it was a weak and derivative affair, exemplified in the early poetry of David Gascoyne and the contributions to the magazine *Contemporary Poetry and Prose*.

It has been argued that the failure of English writers to embrace the subversive modernism of the Dadaist tradition was a familiar indication of insularity and cultural marginality in respect of Continental modernism. Young claims, instead, that

the English tradition was already rich in the Gothic, irrational, dream-like, even nightmarish qualities sought by the French Surrealists. They did, in fact, admire English literature for these very reasons. The authoritarian ideology of Surrealism, André Breton, displayed a sentimental anglophilia in the essay he contributed to *Surrealism*, a book edited by Herbert Read to mark the International Surrealist Exhibition in London in 1936. Breton warmly praises such English forerunners of Surrealism as Carroll, and Isaac Rosenberg, and disturbing as Lautréamont's casual encounter, so often invoked by the Surrealists, of a sewing-machine and an umbrella upon a dissecting table. The great texts of 1922, *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*, contain a sense of European literary tradition which Dada-Surrealism would have repudiated, but they also embody modern Surrealism, in some of Eliot's most powerful lines, which are as creepily nightmarish and Gothic as anything the Surrealists admired in earlier English literature.

The Reverend Edward Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, was held in particularly high regard by the Surrealists, even though the fact that he was a clergyman offended their fanatical anti-clericalism; Young quotes Breton's rueful acknowledgment in an earlier essay: "Les NUITS d'Young sont surréalistes d'un bout à l'autre; c'est malheureusement un préjugé qui parle; un mauvais prêtre, sans doute, mais un prêtre." Lewis Carroll was another English writer who was taken with great seriousness, and Louis Aragon translated "The Hunting of the Snark" into French as an exemplary Surrealist text. Cultural transposition works in curious ways; the faded Gothic thrills or the child-like nonsense of English writers became prime instances of the subversion of bourgeois realities when read with French eyes. One would like to know just how extensively and well these English writers were read and understood in France, and if certain canonical names were perhaps invoked in a second-hand way. The difficulty for Breton and his followers may have been that English literature is indeed rich in elements of nightmarish and the irrational but, unlike French, lacks a revolutionary and subversive tradition.

Young believes that the French Surrealists were right to find a strong literary and that it was for this very reason that Surrealism could put down only the shallowest roots in England; like Eliot commenting on Dada, he sees it as a "French response to French problems." (Despite its international antecedents and support the movement was firmly based in Paris.) Young quotes a book from C. W. E. Bigsby's comments on English lack of support for Surrealism: "Despite a native absurdity of Lewis's *The Monk*, or in another mood, the credulity of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, as Blake, there was little enthusiasm for a group which purported to despise literature and bourgeois society alike." Young plausibly suggests that if one replaces the word "Despite" at the beginning of the sentence with "Because" of one gets closer to a balanced assessment.

There is a further important aspect of this argument which is implied but not stated. It is that the English

not sufficiently developed in his book. It seems to me that some major modernist texts in English already incorporated essentially Surrealist elements well before its programmatic demands. As early as 1911 Eliot was writing about midnight shaking the memory like a madman shaking a dead geranium, or the evening spread out against the sky like a patient etherized upon a table, combinations quite as strange and disturbing as Lautréamont's casual encounter, so often invoked by the Surrealists, of a sewing-machine and an umbrella upon a dissecting table. The great texts of 1922, *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*, contain a sense of European literary tradition which Dada-Surrealism would have repudiated, but they also embody modern Surrealism, in some of Eliot's most powerful lines, which are as creepily nightmarish and Gothic as anything the Surrealists admired in earlier English literature.

A woman drew her long black hair out light
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall...

Young's book is an impressive piece of scholarship, but there is a certain imbalance between the breadth of its documentation and the tenuousness of its theme; his basic thesis could have been more briefly stated. It is a pity that he could not have found room in his careful, small-scale discussion of the successive phases of English and Continental modernism - which in the last part of his book he carries on to the 1940s and after - for some of the large and provocative suggestions thrown out by Stephen Spender in *The Struggle of the Modern*. Spender argues that compared with the radical transformation possible in music, painting and sculpture, where there are endless possibilities for making it new, in material as well as form, avant-garde literature can never be very avant-garde, since it has to use words, which are inescapably rooted in the past by meanings and associations. As Spender puts it, "In painting and music, the cards with which the game is played can be replaced by a new pack. In literature, the pack can only be reshuffled, though the new cards are added." This is perhaps why the anglophone modernists who were concerned to remake literary tradition have produced more enduring work than the subversive modernists who vainly tried to destroy it. Spender also remarks that Surrealist painting has lasted far better than Surrealist poetry.

My final criticism of Young's book is that it opens at the wrong moment in cultural history. Subversive modernism did not start during the First World War with Dada, but before it with Italian Futurism, and Tzara and Dada were certainly indebted to Futurism in their violent rhetoric, their hatred of the past and desire to scandalize the bourgeoisie, even though Dada was pacifist and revolutionary while Futurism was militarist.

and reactionary. Dada aroused only slight interest in England, where Futurism had a distinct bridgehead in London in the years before the outbreak of war, when Marinetti was a regular visitor and his *manifesto* was well known in advanced literary and artistic circles. D. H. Lawrence commented sympathetically on a paper on art in the summer of 1914 that discusses Futurist painting as a familiar phenomenon, rejecting in theory and practice, but showing a good understanding of them. Young plays down the importance of Futurism in England, quoting a letter that Rupert Brooke wrote from Berlin in the spring of 1912, casually dismissing Futurism, as evidence that "Futurism in England was a dead issue even before the outbreak of war".

But this is insufficient and misleading evidence and I think that Young is wrong on this point. W. C. Wells has shown in *Vorticism and the English Avant-Garde* that in the spring and early summer of 1914 Futurism was a raging cult in fashionable London, with much talk of Futurist interior decoration and costume design, and Marinetti and his "moderators" providing one of the tunes at the Coliseum music-hall. *Blat*, edited by Wyndham Lewis and Ezra Pound, appeared at that time, and although it was hostile to Futurism there is evidence that this hostility was a late and somewhat tactical move, prompted by the need to establish Vorticism as a truly native movement without foreign affiliations; not long before Pound and Lewis had been making public gestures of support for Futurism. The evidence for Futurist influence on Pound in particular has been presented in an important article by Giovanni Cianci, "Futurism and the English Avant-Garde: the 'Early Pound' between Imagism and Vorticism", published in 1981 in *Archivum Anglicanum* and *Americanist* (Tübingen). After Vorticism had established itself as a separate though short-lived movement Pound was at pains to deny and conceal the traces of his debt to Futurism; but some years later he was prepared to acknowledge them. Professor Cianci quotes Pound's remarks to an Italian journalist in the early 1930s: "Marinetti and Futurism gave the whole of European literature a great push forward. The movement that began in London, would not have taken place without Futurism."

This is overstated, no doubt, and partly inspired by Pound's loyalty to the Italian fascist regime of which Marinetti had become a noisy supporter. Nevertheless, there is enough truth in Pound's remark for it to be taken seriously as an indication of the formative effect that the subversive modernism of Futurism had on the first phase of anglophone literary modernism. After the war Futurism lost its impact, Dada-Surrealist developed new kinds of subversion, and the separation between different kinds of modernism that Mr Young well describes had taken place. But if we begin the story in London in 1913-14 rather than Zürich in 1916 or Paris in 1920 the separation does not seem altogether inevitable.

Yet the more convincingly Keynes

An economist abroad

By Keith Griffin

ALBERT O. HIRSCHMAN: *Essays in Trepassing: Economics to Politics and Beyond*. 310pp. Cambridge University Press, £20 (paperback, £6.95). 0 521 23826 9

Albert Hirschman can claim to be one of the founding fathers of development economics. His brilliance and originality rival that of Arthur Lewis, Raúl Prebisch and Gunnar Myrdal and, like them, he has many warm admirers. Unlike them, however, he has few disciples: there is nothing which could be described as a Hirschman School of development economics.

In part this is because Hirschman ranges widely in economics, contributing not only to the literature on development, but also to the economics of foreign trade, the theory of these features of Hirschman's scholarship are well illustrated in *Essays* because he ranges outside economics into politics, philosophy, ideology and the history of ideas. Both of these features of Hirschman's scholarship are well illustrated in *Essays in Trepassing*, a valuable collection of fourteen papers which will serve equally well as an introduction to those unfamiliar with his writings and as a report on his current thinking to those who know his earlier work.

The fundamental reason, however, why there are few disciples of Hirschman has less to do with the scope of his investigations than with his method of inquiry. It is characteristic of Hirschman that he looks for the many different ways in which phenomena are connected to one another. Indeed one of his essays is entitled "A Generalized Linkage Approach to Development" - but the connections he highlights are rarely direct or straightforward. His approach is circuitous; the most important linkages are often indirect, intellectual progress frequently requires lengthy detours and forays into seemingly unrelated areas; paradox abounds. Paul Klee's painting of "Highways and Byways" reproduced as the frontispiece to his *Journeys* is a good illustration of this.

Progress, as Hirschman has aptly described, is a method as well as his view of the ways of the world. His essays are charming, subtle and sophisticated, a delight to read. The problem is that while one can follow his argument one cannot replicate his method.

The collection begins with an essay on "The Rise and Decline of Development Economics". Hirschman here attributes the rapid expansion

of the subject to two beliefs: first, the belief that the economies of underdeveloped countries differed to such an extent from the economies of advanced capitalist countries that a separate branch of economics had to be created to deal with the specific problems of poor countries; and second, the belief that economic relations between the two types of economies could be mutually beneficial, and hence an investment of intellectual resources in the new branch of economics could pay dividends to the West. Curiously, there is no mention of the effect political phenomena had on the development of the new subject: the decline of the European colonial empires, the emergence of many newly independent countries in Asia and Africa, the eruption of the Cold War and the resulting competition between the socialist and advanced capitalist countries for political and ideological support in the Third World.

Political change helps to account for the rise of development economics. It also, as Hirschman emphasizes, helps to account for the decline. The "series of political disasters that struck a number of Third World countries... ranging from civil wars to the establishment of murderous authoritarian regimes", led to disillusionment and a loss of self-confidence among those whose motive for cultivating development economics was the expectation that they could thereby contribute to the construction of a better world.

One reaction to political disappointment, Hirschman alleges, was to focus on economic weaknesses and particularly on income inequality. While there may indeed have been a Freudian act of displacement in the collectivity of development economists, there is a simpler explanation of the switch in emphasis from overall growth rates to the distribution of income and wealth. Despite generally high rates of growth and a substantial increase in average incomes, there is evidence that the poorest people in many low-income countries have experienced almost no improvement in their standard of living and in several cases the incomes of the poor have actually fallen. In such circumstances there is no need to invoke Freudian theory to account for the change in research priorities.

In "The Changing Tolerance for Income Inequality" Hirschman presents his own analysis of the welfare effects of changes in the distribution of income. Drawing an analogy with a motorist caught in a traffic-jam in a tunnel, he argues that, in the early stages, forward movement by anyone will give satisfaction to everyone, even to those who remain stationary. This so-called "tunnel effect" oper-

ates because the advance of some indicates to those left behind the possibility of progress in the future. He then adds that it is "conceivable that some uneven distribution of the new incomes generated by growth will be preferred to an egalitarian distribution by all members of the society. In this eventuality, the increase in income inequality would not only be politically tolerable, it would also be outright desirable from the point of view of social welfare."

More paradoxically still, he suggests that in some cases the upwardly mobile may feel frustrated (because their gains in income are not matched by gains in social status) whereas the poor may derive satisfaction from the anticipation that matters are bound to improve pretty soon. Of course, at some stage the attitudes of the two groups will become reversed and if, during this transition, there is a time when both groups are disenfranchised, a social upheaval and even a revolution may occur.

Hirschman notes "the considerable reluctance" of social scientists to perceive the tunnel effect and attributes this to the "intensely competitive atmosphere" in which they live, an atmosphere in which "hopefulness caused by someone else's advance" is lacking. While it would be rash to deny that academic life is competitive, there is another possible explanation for the neglect of the tunnel effect, namely, its rarity. Hirschman himself recognizes that it is unlikely to be strong or even to exist in highly segmented societies. What he fails to stress is that social divisions in most Third World countries are exceptionally deep. There are, of course, the usual class conflicts. Equally, there are conflicts between the local population and dominant foreign groups (as in Namibia), between one tribe and another (Chad, Nigeria), between one region and another (the former East and West Pakistan), between one religious group and another (Lebanon, Philippines) and between those who speak different languages (India). Often, there is more than one social cleavage: the nation is fragmented simultaneously by, say, class, religion and regional differences (as in Sri Lanka). Every anecdote from Mexico, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and the slums of Rio that Hirschman presents in defence of the tunnel effect can be countered by examples from Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, El Salvador, Nicaragua and Jamaica where the material advancement of a wealthy minority obviously has not generated love among the poor, and for good reasons.

It is clear that Hirschman has not been influenced by Marxian class analysis, but he does claim "a degree of intellectual kinship with the Marxian system" when it comes to analysing the effects on society of the structure of production. Indeed he argues that "the shape of economic development, including its social and political components, can be traced to the specific economic activities a country takes up." This view he describes as "micro-Marxism". Hirschman here verges on a deterministic theory of development which is in contrast to his usual "bias for hope" and "passion for the possible". The distinguishing feature of his micro-Marxism is that he attempts "to look behind such staples as sugarcane, coffee, rice, or tobacco and to identify some general characteristics of these products that influence and condition the kind of development experienced by the countries specializing in them". He almost seems to be saying, but carefully refrains from doing so, that if you tell me the major product that is produced, I will tell you the future history of the country. This surely can't be correct, however, as the differing histories of Cuba and the Dominican Republic (sugar), Colombia and Guatemala (coffee) and China and Bangladesh (rice) testify. These differing histories arose, at least in part, from differences in policy.

Hirschman's views of "Policy-making and Policy Analysis" have changed with the times. In 1963 when he published *Journeys Towards Progress* he believed that "progressive change" could be and indeed was being "smuggled into societies long dominated by traditional social forces". Two decades ago he was content to describe what he believed was merely a "failure complex": "In the minds of Latin Americans, today, however, he is more concerned with the actual failure of policies in Latin America and with the perverse consequences or negative side-effects of public policy. Where once he wrote about 'reform mongering', and regarded it as a style of policy-making peculiarly successful in Latin America, he now writes more modestly of the 'coping style'.

"Most of the time," we are told, "the state does not act, but reacts." This probably is true, but we are not told how it reacts or in whose interests. Perhaps it is too much to expect an economist to enlighten us on such issues, but Hirschman is no ordinary economist. He has trespasses into politics with great success, especially in *Exit, Voice and Loyalty*, a little gem of a book whose theme has been amplified in this volume; and one must hope that he will return again to the issues raised so provocatively in this collection of essays.

Forays into fiction

By Edwin Morgan

F. R. HART and J. B. PICK:
Neil M. Gunn: A Highland Life
314pp. John Murray. £15.
0 7195 3856 4

Anyone who has read Neil Gunn's autobiography, *The Atom of Delight* (1956), surely one of the most madly uninformative books ever written by an author about himself, must feel that an unusually elusive personality is on show. After reading the present sympathetic, painstaking, and fair-minded biography, most of us will be surprised to find how much of that elusiveness still remains. F. R. Hart and J. B. Pick surmise, probably with justice, that Gunn had a certain love of secrecy for its own sake, but they also point out quite frankly that he could be highly disingenuous in his dealings with other people, where this seemed necessary to him for protective purposes.

Whatever the truth of the matter may be, it is clear that there are important gaps in our knowledge of Gunn which may yet be filled. Information he gave to his biographers, both of whom got to know him well, sometimes raised more questions than it answered. He told Hart about a "tragic" happening when his wife Daisy had a stillborn son as a result of "an appalling household incident". We know that this led to great stresses in their marital relations, but we do not know when it took place, we do not know what the appalling incident was, we do not know whether it was the same incident that caused Neil to lose the sight of one eye. Perhaps medical records will some day clear this up, but the uncertainties and blanks are characteristic of the more important as distinct from the well-documented everyday stages of Gunn's life. The main revelation the authors make, of an extra-marital relationship which Gunn kept up in great secrecy for thirty years, also leaves many questions unanswered, but it was evidently a significant part of his experience, and we must be glad that Hart and Pick felt able to write about it, which they do with delicacy and respect.

Gunn's was, as the subtitle says, a "Highland life". He was born in Caithness, and apart from short periods in Galloway, London, and Edinburgh, his long life (1891-1973) was spent in various parts of the northern Highlands. From boyhood he was attracted to outdoor pursuits — fishing, curling, riding, sailing, shinty, golf — and when he got a job as roving Customs and Excise officer he travelled on his motor-bike all over the north of Scotland, so that it was natural for his early novels to reflect a deep rootedness in a place and way of life he knew like the back of his hand.

That they did this was part of their attraction, and to his first readers a large part; but it soon became clear that Gunn had other concerns than the recording of crofting, village, or fishing communities. History, anthropology, politics, with whiffs of atomic physics and Zen mysticism, were used to add resonance or point significance, sometimes effectively, sometimes not. Although he loved the Highlands, the Highlands during his lifetime were in a state of decline, as the title of his first novel, *The Grey Coast* (1926), was intended to suggest. As one who disliked cities, and was opposed to large-scale industrial development for the Highlands, he must have been sorely tempted, as little threads and textures throughout his novels reveal, to emulate Fiona Macleod and carry forward the Celtic Twilight into the 1920s and 1930s, casting backward glances and gleams of affection on ways of life that were already vanishing, if they ever truly existed. In many of his books there are betraying purple passages where his "long love-hate affair" with Fiona Macleod, as Hart and Pick call it, works very much to Gunn's disadvantage, destroying all his crispness and removing the reader from every sense of immediacy. It was no doubt his awareness of this danger that drove him to throw his net more widely among contemporary ideas, or alternatively, and this is what he does best — to concentrate his sources on some small-scale psychological reality, a boy growing into adolescence, a woman falling in love, a man testing his physical courage.

Gunn had a good mind, and was reasonably well-read, but never

thought of himself as a literary intellectual. Brought up on Darwin, Huxley, Pater, Shaw, and Wells, with later forays into Proust and Joyce, and Gertrude Stein and Ouspensky, but with no serious or solid reading of novels, far less of "the art of fiction", he described himself in a letter of 1931: "I am not really a literary man. I realize this with striking force when I meet many of my friends (eg. C. M. Grieve). I play a little bit at it, but I laugh a little too." And thirty years later, writing to the widow of James Bridie, who had been one of his best-loved literary friends, he said: "He was the only man who ever made me feel that literature — writing — was a play, an adventure in common, like poaching; not a 'serious' business but a foray in delight."

One of the most interesting features of Neil M. Gunn: A Highland Life is the new and uncomfortable light it throws on the tangled relationships of literary Scotland. Gunn was drawn instinctively towards those of his friends who, like James Bridie or George Blake, shared his mistrust of literary intellectuals, and it is not surprising that he should eventually have fallen out with Hugh MacDiarmid who, more than anyone else in Scotland at that time, prided himself on championing the idea of an intelligentsia. Yet Gunn and MacDiarmid had begun with a warm and open friendship, and MacDiarmid praised Gunn, in an article of 1926, as "practically the only young Scottish prose-writer of promise making his own way today". Hart and Pick trace the stages of their alienation in what they call "one of the saddest chapters in modern Scottish biography". It is not a simple story. Not only did MacDiarmid become increasingly disillusioned by the artistic and mystical elements in Gunn's novels, he grew disillusioned with the novel as a genre, and would obviously have found it impossible to agree with Kurt Wittig (*The Scottish Tradition in Literature*, 1958) that "more clearly even than C.M. Grieve [Gunn] embodies the aims of the Scottish Renaissance". MacDiarmid's hard-line communism diverged from Gunn's mild socialism. Their brands of Scottish Nationalism also differed widely.

But a split on a deeper level emerges in correspondence of the

1930s, quoted here. It is perhaps the incompatibility of "personal" and "impersonal" views of both art and life. MacDiarmid tells Gunn he will attack him in whatever context seems right, and that this ought not to affect their "friendship". "I can afford to indulge in all manner of personalities," he adds, "because I proceed from an altogether abnormal basis of impersonality in regard to Scottish matters." Few friendships, however, would fail to crack under the repeated onslaughts, even though Gunn made spirited and angry replies in self-defence. MacDiarmid's bitter disappointment with the way Gunn's fiction developed seems real enough. "The elements in your work I question most are not those which have given you such measure of popularity as you have won, but those but for which you would probably have done even better commercially, as well as, in my opinion, artistically." Against that, you cannot win!

Hart and Pick are not concerned with literary criticism, or with making value judgments on Gunn's work. Such judgments, made else-

where, vary greatly, and Gunn's status as a novelist is very far from settled. Hart and Pick do, however, perform a useful service in giving a clear account of the genesis of his novel and its reception by publishers and reviewers. If they seem overfond of tracing the fictional characters' "originals" in real life, this can be excused as a fairly natural by-product of a much fuller basis than we have had before for further critical analysis of Gunn's novels, and it will doubtless continue. It may seem that they accept at least in part MacDiarmid's criticisms — though clearly they point out that for all the insight, and devotion shown in Gunn's picture of a Highland decline, he omits two of the most relevant factors — "alcoholism and melancholia". Zolaque realism was not his style, but his references in sometimes as startling as his inclusions.

There are some apparent misdescriptions of unpublished documents. The mysterious "mallard and widgeon" (p.223) is surely "mallard and widgeon".

Inner-city idiom

By Patricia Craig

JAMES MILROY:
Regional Accents of English: Belfast
113pp. Blackstaff. £5.95.
0 85640 241 9

This workmanlike and informative study has one eccentric feature: it calls its foreword a conclusion and places it at the end. As a conclusion the short final section is notably inconclusive, stressing "the great difficulties there are in making correct generalizations about language"; but it usefully summarizes the content of the book. James Milroy's subject is the vernacular speech of Belfast (and to a lesser extent, of the rest of Ulster) and the ways in which it deviates from the standard British usage — not in pronunciation alone, but also in the construction of everyday sentences, and in its assimilation of dialect words and idioms.

Milroy refers to a book published in 1860 (David Patterson's *The Provincialisms of Belfast pointed out and corrected*) to show how words current at that time have since become obsolete; of the thirty-two examples he lists, only two — *farl* (a round of home-baked bread) and *bake* (to make) are still in widespread use. Most Ulster people, however, will recognize the majority of his examples (*acurly*, meaning underdeveloped, and *owp*, to overturn, for instance), and may wonder, indeed, why the list is not more extensive. Knowledge of dialect forms, of course, is one thing, their use in ordinary conversation another. Milroy notes the fact that many local expressions are now delivered with a jocular undertone, a means, for the speakers, of dissociating themselves from the social implications of their choice of words. "In so far as people opt for 'status' they will abandon local forms" — and revert to them, if at all, in a self-conscious manner.

Among the more striking idiosyncrasies of colloquial Ulster speech are the distinction between *you* (singular) and *yous* (plural); the persistent addition of an extra tense to be (as in the line from a very homely verse by Helen Lanyon, "I miles bes many and dreams bes few"); and, in pronunciation, the transformation of "o" into "oo", despite the fact that the set of oral words is dying out, and *oo* and *oo* are very prominent markers of Ulster dialect, known by everyone. Milroy states. An example of this occurs in the opening lines of W. F. Marshall's celebrated comic poem about Co. Tyrone, "Me and My Da".

"I'm livin' in Drumlinree, An' I'm gettin' very cool, I have to wear an Indian bag, I'm from the south."

Milroy is right when he points out that bag is likely to be pronounced as *beg* at the bottom end of the social scale, but wrong to judge *back for back* under the same heading; this pronunciation smacks of social affectation, and is usually confined to the more pretentious suburbs. The substitution of one word sound for another is by no means consistent: "I" usually sounds much as it does in standard English, but sometimes it is changed into "ee", as, for instance, often sounds rather like *he's*, as in "... he has the blooming cheek to ring up his first night and say he's missed her's" (Brian Moore, *The Emperor of Ice-Cream*). *Wreemin*, a fairly common variant of *women*, is another usage not mentioned by Milroy ("A couple of wreemin bolted out of the other door", Lynn Doyle, *Lobster Salad*, and *childer for children* is not noted either: "Childer, they're sending me", Brian Moore).

No one expects a book of this length to be comprehensive, and James Milroy has not set out to write a history of Ulster speech, or a study of the vernacular form in the literature of the province (though both are subjects which deserve consideration). His findings are based on conscientious fieldwork, carried out in three inner-city areas of Belfast, and as the author hopes, they "provide food for thought and argument". Since the work is also intended to serve as a textbook for the Northern Irish student of English phonetics, it includes two fairly technical chapters dealing with the phonological structure of Belfast English; these will be of interest only to the specialist. Milroy has, in effect, produced a scholarly counterpart to John Pegg's very informal *Ulster-English Dictionary*, which includes malapropisms and colourful spellings of quite ordinary phrases as well as genuine colloquialisms, and is a completely frivolous undertaking. 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A temperate rationalism

By Barry Barnes

W. H. NEWTON-SMITH:
The Rationality of Science
294pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£9.95 (paperback, £3.95).

It is important to be clear as to what precisely this book is about. The title would suggest that its subject is science, and the impression is confirmed by the very first major question raised, which is concerned with the behaviour of the scientific community: the community offers us an image of itself as the paradigm case of a rational activity, but does it, in its practice, match up to that image? One is led to expect ethnographic insights to be deployed, or the detailed findings of the history of science, in response to this empirical question.

It soon becomes clear, however, that the question will effectively be ignored, and that the book has made a false start which conveys a mistaken impression of its relevance. For W. H. Newton-Smith immediately passes on to consider the various "rational models" of scientific change which philosophers have put forward. He notes that these models have been criticized on the grounds that they are at variance with the actual practice of science; but this is "boring" criticism, and rather than considering it Newton-Smith simply concedes its validity and moves on. His interest lies in "exciting" criticism of philosophical models, criticism which asserts that such models are defective in principle and cannot even count as ideals of good inference. Thus his book is not about the actual practice of science at all (the boring theme); it is about the possibilities of human cognition, and how far philosophers' models represent such possibilities.

All this needs emphasis since the author himself, in his efforts to convey the importance of his analysis, is prone to forget it. It must be constantly kept in mind that his text,

like most philosophical work, is not empirically oriented and is hence basically uninformative about the actual practice of science.

Newton-Smith has actually written a straightforward contribution to rationalist philosophy. It addresses the problem of rationality with special attention to rational choice between competing theories. It expounds the models of rationality of Popper, Lakatos and Laudan, and that implicit in the work of Hilary Putnam. It assesses the standard criticisms of these models in the work of Thomas Kuhn and Paul Feyerabend. And it considers alternative non-rationalist conceptions of belief, cognition and inference, including those with a sociological component which rationalists seem particularly concerned to oppose.

Newton-Smith's account of the sociological literature is not to be recommended. He is imprecise to the extent that he manages to invert a number of its central tenets (in their original position he would have found them much less easy to criticize). Nor does he convey a fully satisfactory picture of what, for lack of a better term, must be called the positive vision of Kuhn, or of Feyerabend. On the other hand, Newton-Smith is a devoted rationalist, and thoroughly at home in rationalist literature. He provides a good account of the main rationalist doctrines, of what it means to him to be engaged with these doctrines, and of how the criticisms of Kuhn and Feyerabend and others bear upon them. As a discussion of the varieties of rationalist philosophy there is much to be said for the book, and the only serious disappointment is the sketchy treatment of Putnam's realism - which merits detailed study, and which Newton-Smith is well-qualified to expound.

It is impossible briefly to convey all the positive merits of his wide-ranging discussion. He is good on Popper, interesting if ultimately unconvincing on realism and the problem of reference, thoroughly sensible on the importance of inductive forms of inference, which, although the source of endless epistemological dif-

ficulties must nonetheless be recognized as ineradicable constituents of cognition. Above all, he recognizes admiration for his frank recognition of the many problems of rationalism. Indeed, he is so sensitive to these that anyone not firmly convinced of the truth of the Duhem-Quine hypothesis may be led to ask how he is able to remain a rationalist at all. Newton-Smith none the less manages to remain a "temperate rationalist": he insists upon the possibility of genuine progress in our understanding of empirical reality through the increasing "verisimilitude" of successive theories of that reality, although he does not fail to point out the many difficulties to which the notion of "verisimilitude" gives rise.

Of the book's inevitable weaknesses one in particular has to be mentioned, since it initiates an extended and centrally important discussion of the incommensurability of rival scientific theories. "The thought that theories are incommensurable is the thought that theories simply cannot be compared..." This is an elementary error, which skews the significance of what follows. Incommensurability here means just what the dictionary says, the lack of a common measure: it implies nothing about the rationalist view-point, which is made clearly evident by its critics but is somewhat obscured by Newton-Smith's treatment, in what is to make of the many alternative, *prima facie* rational ways of comparing theories. The problem is not that of making a comparison between theories but that of giving sense to the notion of a "best" procedure for comparative evaluation.

I shall conclude by citing a number of further points which I regard as definite weaknesses pervading and impairing the overall structure of the argument. These are points of which Newton-Smith himself appears to be at least partially aware, but which do not appear greatly to concern him. First, he presents himself as an advocate and defender of "temperate rationalism" - of the claim that knowledge moves closer and closer to the truth. But there is next to nothing in the book by way of argument for this, its main conclusion, whereas there is a great deal which simply asserts this conclusion as a taken-for-granted premise to argue from (among numerous instances, see pp 179-82). Secondly, Newton-Smith moves far too easily from our talk about the world to assertions about how the world must consequently be: we do not infer the existence of dragons, or calorific entities, why then should we similarly infer the existence of electricity, as Newton-Smith suggests we do, when he provides us with no satisfactory account of the relevant differences between the one and the other kind of case? Thirdly, he offers what is (it must be hoped) a highly idiosyncratic account of semantics, which effectively denies its standing as an empirical subject. Whereas the key dichotomies for use in evaluating scientific theories are true/false, or greater verisimilitude/less verisimilitude, for semantic theories they are nice/nasty or charitable/uncharitable. Nice, charitable semantic theories are the ones which it is rational to prefer - a nice theory being, by definition, one which fits "nicely" with Newton-Smith's "temperate rationalism" and thus serves to legit-

mate it. What statements mean is what they have to mean for his own convictions to be correct.

All these are instances of counter-intuitively acceptable modes of argument being inverted. Newton-Smith works out what must appear to him prior vision is correct, and then tells us that this is what must be believed since his prior vision is indeed correct. We are told how the world must be, how the world must be to our speech, and what the meaning of our speech must be. Newton-Smith must expect his readers to complain of a certain arbitrariness. Does modern rationalism really need the support of all this apparatus? If so, is it not in a bad way?

Certainty: A Refutation of Scepticism by Peter D. Klein (240p, Harvvard Press, £22.50, 0 7108 0369 9) takes as its starting point Descartes' argument for scepticism in which he says that it is possible to doubt everything, even that which seems most certain on the grounds that there may be an evil demon who deceives us. The first chapter describes the form of scepticism the author wishes to refute. Chapter Two identifies and evaluates "The epistemic maxims and principles upon which scepticism is based" and derives a "model of justification" which is designed to be acceptable to sceptics and non-sceptics as well as to foundationalists and coherentists. The third chapter takes this model of justification and aims to show how a proposition can be absolutely certain on the basis of non-deductive inferential evidence and the final chapter points to the implausibility of scepticism.

Sense on sensibilia

By Paul Snowden

GEORGES DICKER:
Perceptual Knowledge
An Analytical and Historical Study
226pp. Dordrecht: Reidel, \$29.95,
90 277 1130 5

Perception is what enables us, if anything at all, to know about our environment, and its epistemological importance is one reason why philosophers study it. The other main reason is simply their interest in trying to state in a general way, and with a proper sensitivity to sundry puzzles and pressures, what perception is and what it is for. Georges Dicker is predominantly concerned with the epistemological problem: he wants to "explain" how perception yields knowledge. The explanation offered is, basically, that the much despised doctrine of phenomenalism, the view that "statements referring to physical things are logically equivalent to conjunctions of statements referring to the ways we are or would be appeared to under various conditions", is actually true. Dicker has, however, a second and commendable concern, that of explaining why the epistemological problem arises, and, in particular, identifying the role of the postulation of sense-data, those heroes or villains of the philosophers' stories, in its generation and treatment. Dicker maintains first, that the problem does not arise because there is a case for sense-data: in this he is surely right. Secondly, he maintains that the real point for their favour is their possible contribution to a solution to the problem.

The clarification of the epistemological problem occupies the first four chapters. Dicker initially considers some normal cases of perceptual knowledge, and argues that they require that the perceiver must know the objects of knowledge. If knowledge presupposes knowledge, how can there be such a thing? The introduction of sense-data promises to help. Sense-data are characterized as special objects of perception the nature of which can be known simply in virtue of perceiving them. So they would be objects about which we are able to know something without relying on any other knowledge. The hope, then, is that knowledge about physical objects can be generated from this more basic information. Dicker develops this view of sense-data by discussing some arguments for them. He concludes that they all fail as proofs, but that they do highlight features that aggravate the epistemological problem, which sense-data might help to solve.

The discussion of these preliminary matters, and indeed the whole book, is characterized by a meticulous clarity of expression, a clear overall argument and much good sense. It is a measure of Dicker's sense-data can still be an interesting one. These are grounds, however, for doubting that his discussion of the case for sense-data is satisfactory either as history or as an assessment of its strength. One problem is that his account has a gap. It may be that appreciation of the problem of knowledge naturally leads one to identify a level of non-external facts which are manifest to a perceiver; but how does one get from this to the introduction of special objects of perception? The pressures (which do need articulation) to postulate special objects must result from something other than those generated by epistemology. Another worry is this: what is specially knowable about sense-data? Dicker thinks that their nature would be evident. But the practice of their friends suggests they thought their nature was revealed by reflection and informed argument.

Dicker continues his argument by endorsing a causal analysis of perception, but rejecting causal justifications for the application of physical object concepts. Phenomenalism, if combined with sense-data, involves the intolerable consequences of idealism. Sense-data can now be dismissed since their two chances to help have failed. The way out, is to adopt a non-object-involving or adverbial account of appearances. Phenomenalism may

then be endorsed to solve the problem.

Dicker's virtues do not desert him in setting out the argument, but there are, I think, many places where it is reasonable to remain unconvinced, one being his defence of phenomenalism. Any hope of Dicker's persuasion ought to give us a strong inducement to take phenomenalism seriously. Dicker's very brief endorsement is this: "the component of our knowledge of physical things that cannot be expressed in terms of ways in which we are or would be appeared to seems utterly mysterious". To some of us that remark seems utterly mysterious. What truth purely about appearances does my knowledge that James ascended the throne in 1603 represent?

Dicker appreciates that one objection to his phenomenalism will start with the claim that it is in principle possible for experiences with the same content as ours (and the same interconnections) to be produced by a machine which merely stimulates our receptors. Hence the correctness of our ordinary opinions is not established by experiential truths. Dicker seeks to undermine this objection by claiming that if you endorse the conclusion you cannot suppose you can describe the case it is based on. But when he argues this Dicker relies on the principle that if you can describe X there must be some way of telling whether your descriptions apply to X. The use of this strongly suggests that there is a confusion here between two notions of describing something. Suppose you are asked to describe the man you want to be prime minister. In one sense, where there is some particular man you have in mind, it is appropriate to say how you can tell that he is the way you say. Where there is no such man and you give an answer, that question is plainly inappropriate. It seems, though, that the opponent of phenomenalism claims to be able to describe the case that his objection starts from only in this second sense, and so "Dicker's" condition is irrelevant.

Despite generating less than total conviction, Dicker's book is clear and provocative, and deserves to be read by students of these problems.

The innovations of the nativist

By Hidé Ishiguro

G. W. LEIBNIZ:
New Essays on Human Understanding
Translated and edited by Peter Remnant and Jonathan Bennett
300 pp. Cambridge University Press.
£28 (paperback, £10.50).
0 521 23147 X

Peter Remnant and Jonathan Bennett have given us an admirable new translation of the *Nouveaux Essais*. This is one of Leibniz's most interesting works and undoubtedly the most accessible to English readers. In it, using the device of a conversation between two protagonists, one of whom advances Locke's position and the other his own, Leibniz subjects the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* to a thorough examination. The dialogue is not always fair, as the Lockean is not given the chance to rebut his critic (Locke had actually died while Leibniz was writing and, very typically, he never published the work). But most of the Leibnizian criticisms are acute, and his occasionally rambling comments contain many original ideas anticipating recent discussions on topics such as the referential view of meaning, the idea of unconscious perceptions, the dispositional view of belief and knowledge, *de re* necessities and the view of objective relative probability.

The only previous complete English translation of the *New Essays* (by Langley) was not made until 1896, almost two centuries after the original was written. This contained mistranslations which affected the philosophical content of some passages and made many others incomprehensible. One of the most serious was when Leibniz's interesting claim that, "The truths about numbers are in us but nevertheless we learn them" ("Les vérités des nombres sont en nous, et on ne les apprend pas") was translated by Langley to mean the opposite, "The truths of numbers are in us, and we are not left to learn them." Another example is where Leibniz, religious believer as he is, criticizes Locke for deducing the existence of an eternal being from the fact that something exists, when the most he should have said was that there was never a time when nothing existed, "since if there had ever been nothing, there would always have been nothing" ("si jamais il y avait eu rien, il y aurait toujours eu rien"). Langley lost the sharpness of Leibniz's point by translating this into the trivial tautology "If there had always been nothing there would always have been no-

thing". This translation moreover was based on Gerhardt's edition, which is now known to be defective, and it has been out of print for many years.

This new translation will please both the general reader and the specialist. The style is clear, it is philosophically sound, and there is an excellent thirty-page lexicon or set of notes given as an appendix explaining the important proper names as well as the general words and expressions used. (This, unfortunately, is not included in the paperback edition, where it would be very helpful to students.) The more scholarly reader will be helped by the fact that the text is numbered with the corresponding page number of the most authentic Academy edition published in 1962, of which it is a translation, and by the care with which Locke's texts and ideas, which appear in the book sometimes in quotation but sometimes through Leibniz's reading of Locke's French translation, are treated. Footnotes show the most significant omissions and additions made by Leibniz to Locke's original text.

Leibniz not only comments on Locke's views but at times digresses, drawing on his own vast erudition in Greek philosophy, philology, or law, and referring to the differential calculus which he invented, to his ideas on esoteric problems in mathematics, to his newly developing views on probability, and to his debates with others on physics, theology and on the philosophy of the scholastics. A translator of the *Nouveaux Essais* therefore requires an understanding of all these subjects as well as of Leibniz's own thought, and Remnant and Bennett have spared no effort to gain this. The scope of Leibniz's intellectual curiosity as revealed in this book is amazing. He argues that medical care must be part of public policy, he draws attention to new methods of calculating annuities based on life expectancies and interests himself even in the minor literature of his time, like the romances of Mlle Scudéry. The index of examples, anecdotes and illustrations used by the translators in addition to the normal index of topics is therefore most useful.

It would be simple-minded to think of the *New Essays* as a rationalist's commentary on an empiricist. On the contrary, one of the great virtues of this work is to make one realize how inadequate such labels are in understanding seventeenth and eighteenth-century thought. It is Leibniz who suggests that opinion based on likelihood may also deserve the name of knowledge, and thereby urges the study of degrees of probability. To establish the degree of likelihood of an event on

the evidence available is, for him, to judge rationally. It is also Leibniz who criticizes Locke for asserting a priori that the real essences of things are not merely unknown but that their relation to sensible qualities is unknowable. He also takes Locke to task for defining a cause as "that which produces any simple or complex idea" not only because he sees here a confusion between an idea and the thing the idea is of, but because, "product" being a causal concept, Locke's definition is merely repeating synonyms - a remark unkindly like which Hume was to make half a century later.

We are also made to see very clearly what the point was of Leibniz's often misunderstood remark, in the monadology, that monads have no windows from which things go in and out. This was not a vision of a universe populated by autistic monads, but his picturesque way of arguing against the reification of accidents or properties. Locke thought that communication of motion by impulse involved the passing of motion from one thing to another - but confessed he found the notion obscure. Leibniz points out that accidents like motion or heat cannot exist detached from things and hence do not literally pass from one thing to another. Later he uses another analogy. They should not, he says, be pictured as "little subsistent beings which can fly in and out like pigeons from a dove-cote". What is at issue when one talks of communication of motion is the lawlike correlation of the changes of the motion of one thing with the change of motion of another thing. (And as he points out, there is no conservation law of motion as such but only of energy.)

In this book Leibniz argues repeatedly against the failure to grasp the fundamental difference between things and properties. This is directly responsible for the false view which people have of what causal dependence between things consists in. Things change their own properties in correspondence with other changes in the universe. (And here I must raise the only major disagreement I have with the translators. In the lexicon, under the heading "Pre-established harmony", we read that Leibniz thought the self-sufficiency of a substance to be incompatible with causal dependence. That this is not so can be seen from the fact that he wrote several treatises on dynamics. Leibniz was against the metaphysical doctrine of causal influence held by some Scholastics, and "influence" here meant the flowing in and out of beings when interaction takes place. Such a principle of explanation most obviously falls according to Leibniz

in the case of simple substances which are not further made up of anything else, once it is accepted that accidents cannot exist on their own outside of substances.)

The discussion in the *New Essays* gives us ample food for thought and does not merely correct our views about Leibniz's doctrines. Let me give just two examples. One occurs at the very beginning of the *New Essays* - in the chapter on Innate Ideas. It is widely known that Leibniz criticized Locke's view of the mind as a *tabula rasa* and said that a mind, with its innate dispositions, is more like veined marble. We see, however, that the disagreement between the two is not so much about the empirical basis of knowledge, since they both agree that for the acquisition of certain kinds of ideas and knowledge experience is necessary, and thus for the obtaining of any idea experience is not sufficient. The disagreement lies much more in their conception of what it is for a person to have an idea, or to know. For Leibniz these are dispositions and not actions (ie, the act of perceiving or thinking) and thus there is nothing contradictory, as Locke suggests, in our having ideas of which we are not aware. Dispositions must also be distinguished from faculties, like that of the understanding, which is a permanent power or ability of a thing, as Locke himself would admit.) Indeed it was obvious to Leibniz that we know an infinity of things of which we are not aware at the time. The question then becomes one of specifying or individuating these dispositions in a way that does not make the theory vacuous. Leibniz is not too successful in working out the details, but we can see how innovative his general approach was, and why Chomsky and the psycholinguists have tried to see in Leibniz an early exponent of their theory of innate structures of language.

Leibniz also shows insight and originality in his treatment of clear and distinct ideas, concepts which Locke

took over from Descartes. Locke wrote that an idea is clear when the object which the idea is of presents itself in sensation or perception. If it does not, then the idea is an obscure one; an idea is distinct when the mind perceives a difference from all others, if not, the idea is confused. Leibniz points out that Locke's definition makes a distinct idea no different from a clear idea. Leibniz is interested in clear but confused ideas: we have clear ideas of objects and properties if we recognize and distinguish them from one another, yet the ideas we have of them may not be distinct because we cannot discern the internal features of the objects or properties in question. Leibniz thought it very important that we have ideas which enable us to refer to an object or property, often by pointing, without yet knowing any discernible features within the object or property. For him, ideas of so-called secondary qualities such as colours or sound, and the idea of self, were of this kind. We can distinguish them from other qualities or things, but we can hardly describe, let alone give a definition of, them. Indeed, recent advocates of a similar view - now called the referential theory of meaning - have pointed out that it is only because we can refer to a thing or talk about a thing without assuming that whatever feature we used in order to fix the reference is not a part of the meaning of the word, that we can change our mind about what we take the defining characteristics of the thing to be, or can develop theories about it.

The *New Essays* is a stimulating work for anyone interested in problems of language, knowledge, essences, substances, kinds, the mind-body problem or freedom of action. It is necessary reading for those interested in the thought of Leibniz or of Locke. Rarely has the translation of a serious philosophical work been at once so reliable and readable as this one.

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History as a Science: The Philosophy of R. G. Collingwood

by W. J. VAN DER DUSSEN
University of Nijmegen, The Netherlands

MARTINUS NIJHOFF PHILOSOPHY LIBRARY 3
1981, xiv, 492 pp.
Cloth Dfl. 65.00/US\$ 47.00
ISBN 90-247-2463-8

This book is the first to discuss systematically Collingwood's philosophy of history. It consists of three parts. In the first part the development of Collingwood's ideas on history is dealt with and a general history of the most important aspects of Collingwood's philosophy of history, which differs in many ways from traditional ones. The book contains extensive new bibliographical information, a complete list of manuscripts, a list of lectures given by Collingwood to the Faculty of Literature at the University of Durham, and extracts of five before unknown letters.

Technology and Reality

by JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN
Tulane University, New Orleans

1981, 300 pp.
Cloth Dfl. 60.00/US\$ 25.00
ISBN 90-247-2619-4

There have been many attempts to say what science means in philosophical terms but very few to say what philosophy means in scientific terms. This book was undertaken to help correct that oversight by showing that the accelerating scientific advances call for a continued revision in the philosophical outlook. Technology was until recently almost entirely neglected despite the fact that since the very beginning of the human species there has been no department of reality that has not been altered by it. Science, as a matter of fact, is an extension of technology: the result of the discovery that it did not have to be confined to solving practical problems in *sit* but could be aided by work in the laboratory where under the general name of experimental science it could solve practical problems. In advance by treating of more far-reaching issues and discovering laws and other uniformities. Together technology and science have brought about changes in every important area of philosophy from art to religion and from metaphysics to the theory of knowledge.

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Politics in the valleys

By Kenneth O. Morgan

IEUAN GWYNEDD JONES:
Explorations and Explanations
Essays in the Social History of Victorian Wales
338pp. Gwasg Gomer, Llandysul, 1979.
£9.75.
0 85088 644 9

Mid-Victorian England, the period between the Corn Laws crisis and the 1867 Reform Act, was once dubbed by W. L. Burn "the age of equipoise". To Bagshot, that model Mid-Victorian, writing in 1857, these years were "the day after the feast". Mid-Victorian Wales, too, seems at first sight to present a deceptively tranquil interlude in the twenty years that followed the excitements of Rebecca and the Chartist. On the surface, it still remained the ordered, deferential society it had been for centuries past, as placid and unchanging as the serene Welsh countryside. From Amwlch to Ammanford, the writ of the landed gentry still ran largely unchallenged. Henry Richard, writing in 1866, could describe Welsh politics in terms of "clansmen battling for their respective chieftains". Yet in reality, a new Wales was born in the years between 1850 and 1870, with its radicalism, its religious revivalism, its urge for educational and cultural advance, its awareness of its national identity. Victorian Wales was becoming politicized. Episodes like the political evictions at Rhiwlas in Merioneth following the election of 1859, the emergence of a powerful vernacular political press, the rise of native spokesmen such as Henry Richard and Michael Daniel Jones, all testified to a new vitality within

Wales, and to a more dynamic and equal relationship with its English neighbour. In these two crucial decades, the later achievements of Tom Ellis and Lloyd George, those pulsating forces that have made Wales from the 1860s down to the present time an unconquerable stronghold of the British left, were made possible.

It is this central phase in the modern Welsh experience that has absorbed the attention of Ieuan Gwynedd Jones, professor of Welsh history at Aberystwyth, in a masterly series of learned articles over the past quarter of a century. Some of the best of them are assembled in this attractive and low-priced volume, *Explorations and Explanations*. In addition to including articles from such well-known publications as the *Journal of Modern History* and the *Welsh History Review*, it also brings together studies that first appeared in local history periodicals; one is a translation from the Welsh-language magazine of the philosophy section of the Guild of Graduates. They serve to draw the attention of the wider public to some of the most valuable research undertaken in the course of the great renaissance of Welsh historical studies over recent years. More specifically, they introduce non-Welsh readers to the work of one of the most distinguished political historians working in Wales or anywhere else at the present time.

Explorations and Explanations consists of eight chapters in all. In the first two the religious ferment of the period is discussed through the detailed examination of evidence from the 1851 religious census relating to Caernarfonshire and to the Swansea area. The contrast between a rural upland county and the commercial metropolis of Swansea – already a notable centre of industry even by 1851 – is striking enough. Yet we

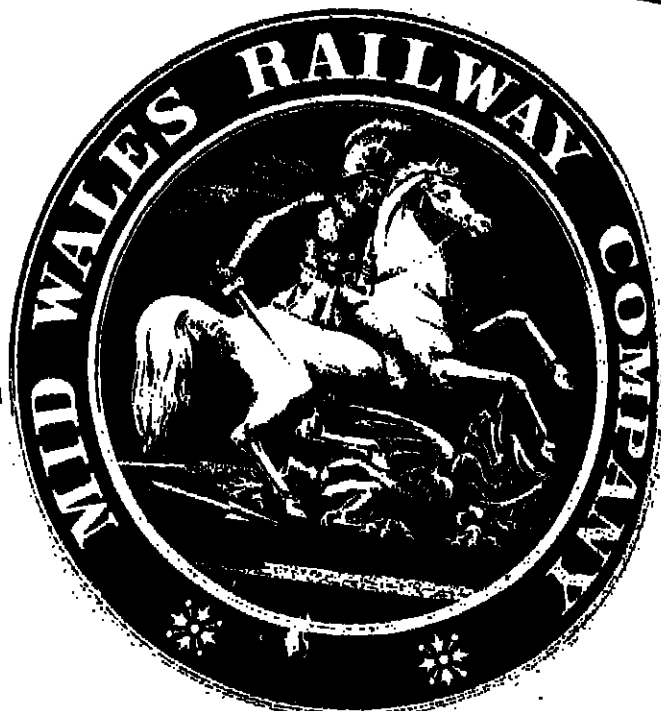
learn of the remarkable buoyancy of nonconformity in both areas, as aggressively vigorous in the open, functional class system of a metallurgical centre, already much Anglicized, as in the relatively closed, organic community of Welsh-speaking Snowdonia. The next three articles cover political changes – Merioneth, Cardiganshire and Merthyr Tydfil. Each saw massive upheavals in its political and social structure in the 1850s and 1860s. Merioneth experienced new radical pressures welling up, amongst the ambitious townsmen of Bala above all. At the 1859 general election, a Liberal contested the seat, unsuccessfully, against the local Tory squire. More important were the political evictions that followed the poll and created a new popular martyrdom that endured for half a century. By 1868, populist Liberalism in Merioneth was so rampant that its representative, David Williams, was to be returned to Parliament unopposed. Cardiganshire also was galvanized by the pressure from nonconformists for political representation in the 1860s. The victory here of E. M. Richards, a Baptist industrialist, a member of the Liberation Society, over the Vaughans of Trawscoed was among the more remarkable of the radical achievements in that annus mirabilis of 1868. Finally, in Merthyr, the position was more complex since all three candidates in the two-member seat, so dramatically enlarged in its electorate in 1867, were Liberals. The historic defeat of H. A. Bruce an ironmaster shortly after, at the hands of the radical pacifist, Henry Richard, was testimony to the new democratic explosion in this unique constituency.

In all three places, common elements emerge. The centrality of the politics of religion is, of course. So, too, is the role of the emergent middle class in the small towns, private places like Bala, Dolgellau or Aberystwyth. There is also a growing working-class presence detectable, in the unlikely of places. In Merioneth, the "shopocracy" of Bala, so dominant in 1859, was by 1868 being outflanked by the slate-quarrymen of proletarian Ffestiniog. In Merthyr, naturally, working-class protest was utterly decisive. It was Bruce's inability to satisfy the miners on such matters as the double-shift system that underlay his shattering defeat.

In the final three chapters, Professor Jones provides some wider "explanations" for these developments – the ethos of the nonconformist the Liberation Society as a pressure-group whose appeal transcended the arid cry of church disestablishment; Books of collected articles written over a period of years do not always do justice to the author. In some ways, this volume exhibits some of the problems of the genre. It does not indicate the full range of Professor Jones's scholarly output. For instance, some marvellously evocative discussions of church architecture in rural Wales, and a fine study of the different value-systems associated with the Welsh and English languages in rhetoric and debate (contained in the recent volume, *People and Proletariat*) are not included. Professor Jones is also unable to such a book to reflect more generally on some of the wider problems of the period. In the early 1830s, for instance, Gwyn A. Williams has detected a ferment of revolutionary excitement, with the red cap of liberty aloft and blood running in the streets. Yet by the 1850s, Ieuan Gwynedd Jones describes instead the determined, peaceful pressure-group activity of the Liberation Society, and the conquest of local power by strictly constitutional means. The Merthyr of Die Penderyn and of Henry Richard seem a long way apart. Yet it is clear, from the rich documentation they provide, that both Professor Williams and Jones have proved their case beyond dispute. So how and why did such a momentous disjunction occur? And how did it emerge through the chapels, whose role in the mass uprising of 1831 was largely that of apprehensive bystanders?

Fortunately, we shall not have long to wait for answers to these and other questions. It is reassuring indeed that Ieuan Gwynedd Jones is now writing the fifth volume in the Oxford History of Wales series, spanning the century between the industrial take-off of the 1780s and the political take-off of the 1830s. No one could survey this vital period with greater authority. Welshmen today are sadly engulfed by misgovernment and misadventure. At least on the evidence of this stimulating volume, nineteenth-century Wales is in the safest of hands.

There is no doubt that many of these criticisms are over-simplified, and show the danger of attempting to evaluate railway policy in general terms; they imply no appreciation of the complex problems with which the companies were faced in 1923, nor of those attendant upon the welding of the constituents of the groups into single, efficient systems. The comments of the officials show how impossible it is to generalize about "railway policy" when the inter-war companies had their own methods, traditions, and views. On the whole, they answer the charges effectively, but there is no clear confrontation between the two sides; the comments demonstrate that history cannot be written from statistics and documents alone. The views of those who helped to shape events and can tell the pressures upon them are of cardinal relevance. "Wisdom from hindsight can often lead to judgments that fail to penetrate the springs of action."



The emblem of the Mid Wales Railway which was absorbed in 1883 by the Cambrian Railways, the longest Welsh system. From *Railway Relics and Regalia* published by Country Life.

and, above all, the shifting patterns within and between social classes, and between rural and urban communities. The extraordinary diversity of mid-nineteenth century Wales is made plain. This, indeed, was a distinctive, self-contained phase of politics, though it found no Welsh analogue to chronicle it. Instead of the revolutionary passions that engulfed Merthyr and elsewhere in the 1830s, there was relentless, purposive pressure. The infidel Jacobin had given way to the Methodist pamphleteer. On the other hand, a sense of Welsh nationhood, so clearly visible by the 1880s, had not yet crystallized. Although Henry Richard claimed to propound a kind of "philosophy of Welsh nationalism" before the Merthyr electors in 1868, it is clear that he was really a cosmopolitan, Manchester-school pacifist, Cobden with a Cardiganshire accent. Certainly he was to be out of sympathy with the *Cymru Fydd* style of separatism that emerged among the younger generation in the 1880s, in his old age. Even so, that later national momentum rested on the first democratic penetration in the 1850-70 period which Ieuan Gwynedd Jones has so superbly delineated.

Books of collected articles written over a period of years do not always do justice to the author. In some ways, this volume exhibits some of the problems of the genre. It does not indicate the full range of Professor Jones's scholarly output. For instance, some marvellously evocative discussions of church architecture in rural Wales, and a fine study of the different value-systems associated with the Welsh and English languages in rhetoric and debate (contained in the recent volume, *People and Proletariat*) are not included. Professor Jones is also unable to such a book to reflect more generally on some of the wider problems of the period. In the early 1830s, for instance, Gwyn A. Williams has detected a ferment of revolutionary excitement, with the red cap of liberty aloft and blood running in the streets. Yet by the 1850s, Ieuan Gwynedd Jones describes instead the determined, peaceful pressure-group activity of the Liberation Society, and the conquest of local power by strictly constitutional means. The Merthyr of Die Penderyn and of Henry Richard seem a long way apart. Yet it is clear, from the rich documentation they provide, that both Professor Williams and Jones have proved their case beyond dispute. So how and why did such a momentous disjunction occur? And how did it emerge through the chapels, whose role in the mass uprising of 1831 was largely that of apprehensive bystanders?

Changing trains

By Sherwin Bailey

MICHAEL R. BONAVIA:
Railway Policy Between the Wars
156pp. Manchester University Press, £11.50.
0 7190 0826 3

This book is concerned with the period of transition between the private railway companies and the nationalized railway system. It had its origin in a conference of transport historians held in 1975, at which the boards and management of the amalgamated companies, GWR, SR, LMS, and LNER came under critical scrutiny. Subsequently it was felt that it would be valuable to offer to management an opportunity to comment upon the criticisms of the ideas and attitudes underlying the policies pursued during the critical period between the wars. The comments were made and recorded on tape during interviews with Michael R. Bonavia, who has brought together the criticisms of the historians and the rejoins

of the officials. In this concise and illuminating survey, the comments are all identified in the notes following each chapter, and brief biographies of those interviewed are provided.

The officials not only commented on the opinions of the historians, but also contributed vivid appraisals of the men who held the chief offices on the railways, and under whom they served. By common consent they were men of outstanding ability, though temperamentally different and having individual managerial techniques. They and those who served under them were not immune from the faults of administrators in other spheres. The criticisms levelled against the managements were predictable. In the commercial field, it was alleged that they paid scant attention to productivity (a novel concept at that time); they were inept and lacked enterprise, failing to meet competition effectively and to retain traffic; they did not take advantage of a monopoly of freight transport to adjust rates to their profit, and to review the system of passenger fares. The physical assets of the railways were neglected and insufficient attention was paid to

Winter Bees

Winter bees, finding enough blossom, of the sweet, small copiousness they cram winter – frozen muddle – with anorous pressure; the acetylene flare of bees, nectaring, the honey cool moral, waylaid by feelers.

Flickering sugary forms, their doused blameless substance, a gold intermittent veining, like strands of wintery heat – the bee hunts them for liquor, jabbing a superfluity. Voined blossom flickering, scalloped clouds, these consonant sharing forms, a bee their suffering link, is also a heated wire, quick form.

The zone forks its electrics, the sky, fanned in ridges like a shell, splits with the flash; the bivalve in a half form, coy flusoro.

In cold this unceasing flare is work a prisoner of honey slowly unwinds as if it were a spidery filament; oozed sugary superfluity the jasmine hardly notices it yields. The face is winter's

plum-coloured, a huntsman's hung up in the fog. A doe, spotting soft grass and briar, her breath gasses in exhaustion, inoperative limbs tied as a thickets, green liquid, greasy manufacture you recognize is gangrene. Recognize these shifting marshes, the horse's buttocks, the man's slighter ones a contour upon the animal fixed like a grin, blood mixing the thicket. Remus, with fierce light, with struggling blood, as if you ploughed up North America, tune your horn with fierce light, with straggling blood – as if the evening's silvery flanks, the gashed flanks, the simple sun, gashed. Hot star, rise up, see your furred contemporary, curious nectar of the lonely; the dead wings, without weight;

the embrasures of honey, the queen's furred kinsmen in rows and layers, effigies for the spider; pointed receptacles, corbels of honey fluted with dust, scum upon amber fluid. The young boy shoves off for lunch, whistling, the little pipes, the unbroken larynx, reads of cheerfulness, earth for him so much down, fluff, a mantle, on the bellowing cheeks.

Jon Silkin

The Villager's Tale

There was a storm once
Is unlikely to be forgotten, now the guidebooks
Elaborate with scholarly detail
The marvellous frescoes that were destroyed.

Skilled hand and visionary eye
Were one, they claim, in the execution of belief
On a bare wall: not
That we recognized that, simply the shock

Of seeing ourselves up there
As saints and demons, and they among us
Ploughing our fields, or idling on the green
By the bridge, our meeting place.

On the night of the storm I lay with Mary
In the tide barn by the river.
She was drowned in the flood, the flood
Took everything . . . There, now, the date

And the highest level the water reached –
But she was too far out to reach;
No one could have saved her
Or that image of her, her perfect likeness –

Are marked on the wall where the youngsters sit
Kicking their heels, ogling the girls
Out of school and the tourists' foreign cars.
The barn was declared unsafe

And pulled down, also that house
Where the idiot child was locked, so long
We forgot he was there – but remember
Him often now in the silence, his quiet knocking.

Charles Boyle

A Postcard from Eternity, Brighton, 1980

Now there's nothing
– only a mad, blue wall
building and toppling itself
hopelessly over and over
in the cage it can't understand.
It stops us in our tracks.
We sit down suddenly like babies,
worn out and bewildered,
and stare at our cuttlefish shins.
Everything ends here
– the Victorian wrought iron
descending in pastel-green waves;
the sound of feet munching
the land's dish of leftovers;
the railway and the pink tickets
always nearly lost;
even London ends here,
signing itself off
in panicky neon.
We are locked in the mad, blue present,
an instant snap
from the eye of some child, a King.
His palace, a heron of curves,
glitters behind us, his artists
are now at work on the sky.
The real children have bought
a copy, to send home,
saying Don't you wish you were here?
They scan the polished crescent
of pointillist sunbathers,
and readily pick themselves out,
so confident are they
that their particular gladness,
shadelessly blue and gold,
finds its true place in this.

Carol Rumens

The House By The Greyhound Track

(for Bernard and Heather O'Donoghue)

Love and gossip
from a wedged county:
we're taking the waters
on Naran strand,
going out on the sea
with our French copalms
and wishing the wise old women
would get it right.
When I post my screed
to a private placename
(the shining melt
of slipped hounds
stretched like a tapeworm
under Dev's rule),
I'll recall the tilt
of a road through a wet valley
called Béal na mBláth
and the rock at the turn
where the One
dropped a maky pair
of rimless glasses
and a chill smile.
The wind cels
over the needlegrass
and Michael Davine
climbs to a starved zero
that is perfect
and without pity,
like a prose-style
in the desert.
Plastic sacks and black flags
are flying over Ardara,
and would someone please tell me
if this wan bitterness
is just a flick of angst
or the self-disgust
of the fellow-traveller?
His furtive vigilance
scans the dunes at Ballykittlar
where a tired sentry
is counting the hours
in the bored smell of macramé
as he waits for the word
to strike up a bogey tune
and quickmarch, tootle-oo,
towards the breakers.

Tom Paulin

The innocent abroad

By Virgil Nemoianu

MARIN PREDA:
Cel mai iubit dintre pământeni
Three volumes
1240pp. Bucharest. Cartea
Românească.
EUGEN SIMEON (Editor):
Timput n-a mai avut răbdare
Marin Preda
573pp. Bucharest. Cartea
Românească.

The title of Marin Preda's last novel ("The best beloved of the earthlings") has been taken by some as an ironic allusion to the encomia heaped upon his country's dictator, although nothing in the text suggests this. The author's sudden death a few weeks after the book was published inflamed speculation: some believed that it was either murder or suicide, and even serious western journals lent some credence to such hypotheses, particularly because of a few sullen and churlish reactions to Preda's death in the Romanian press. The book was soon withdrawn from bookshops.

It seems unlikely, on the basis of the information we have, that Preda's death was due to anything other than a heart attack, but in a sense,

the symbolism of his sudden disappearance is more important than the actual mode of it. Preda was never an oppositionist, let alone a dissident, but he embodied the common-sense reluctance of many Romanian intellectuals to follow blindly an imposed line. He preserved his own artistic integrity and defended, when he could, writers' interests. His "nationalism" was rooted, he said, in the attitudes of Danubian peasant communities, which were neither archaically mindless, nor idyllically peaceful, as they are often represented in literature. Preda was able to squeeze small traces of nostalgia even from this world of hard-headed realists, impulsive, shrewd, vulgar, and wryly humorous.

Timput n-a mai avut răbdare, a bulky volume edited by one of the better Romanian critics, is intended as a posthumous homage to Preda and further explains the popularity and support he enjoyed. There are few pieces of useful critical comment in it, but many touching and fascinating reminiscences and some outstandingly forthright critiques of the present-day political and cultural climate in Romania. The essays express the feeling of readers and writers alike that Preda represented a kind of local, lower-Danubian classicism (his conversations between peasants might have been carried on, one critic has said, in Periclean Athens).

Sci-life, slow-life

By Bob Shaw

PHILIPPE CURVAL:
Brave Old World
Translated from the French by Steve Cox.
262pp. Allison and Busby. £6.95.
0 85031 4070

Science fiction is not homogeneous. Devotees of one variety may scorn some, or indeed all, others — and a book which is likely to cause contention in British SF circles is *Brave Old World*, by the French writer Philippe Curval. Despite its title, the novel owes little to Huxley and a great deal to a more recent phenomenon, the underground comic. The energy is there, the haunted crudity, the pace, the torrent of ideas which far from being pre-digested for the reader bear scarcely a toothmark, and would be incongruous in any other form.

Writers of sociological SF, faced with the impossibility of creating new versions of world society in 200 pages or less, have long been enamoured of artificial enclaves. *Brave Old World* opens with Belgeon Attila, a secret agent, clandestinely crossing the Alps to penetrate the nerve-centres surrounding Marcom, a thirteen-nation EEC, which towards the end of the twenty-first century has shut itself off from the rest of the world. Marcom aims at creating a perfectly regulated society in which citizens are privileged to own "slow-time cabins" — habitats within which it day lasts as long as a week. So carefully sealed is Marcom that only one message has been smuggled out in twenty years — a plea for outside help to change Marcom's stifling way of life. The revelation that Leo Derynne, the sender of the message, is a "dream priest", a man who has made a religion out of being able to render people's dreams visible to others, confirms that *Brave Old World* is satire.

Parody of science fiction is popular even among the genre's most fervent fans — as long as it is done gently, affectionately and respectfully. But this is not Philippe Curval's method. He goes for his targets — the stereotypes of sociological SF — with all the finesse of Sid Vicious singing "My Way".

Attila's mission is to find out long on some kind of technology. Among the

characters he meets along the way are the industrialist Cessieu, proud owner of the world's biggest collection of antique canned peas; Lippasett, a government minister who at the age of seventy receives a complete set of organ transplants and explodes himself in a burst of frenzied fomentation; the hellishly angelic Nightwings who do much roving up of nuclear motor bikes; and the beautiful Glycine, whose perfectly normal appearance conceals the fact that she is composed of millions of intelligent insects working as a cooperative.

Many of the conventions of pulp SF are gloriously high-lighted in the book — the tedious jargon, the specious philosophizing, the characterization by assignment of grotesque attributes, the inevitable weak points in a seemingly invincible Establishment which lead to its overthrow by a small band of dedicated radicals. But towards the end the narrative acquires an odd and non-derivative power of its own in sequences where Marcom scientists have begun to dilate space as well as time, and in the dimensional ambiguity of the whole of Europe is encompassed by the walls of the apartment belonging to Simon Cessieu.

From now onwards the ends of the earth were real; they had the form of a wall several kilometers high and covered with a vast flowered pattern. Under the roof of the world hung Tiffany lampshades as big as moons.

In the distance, far to the north, the inhabitants of Finland must be seeing the immortal imprint of the god Cessieu's face looking out of an unfamiliar sky.

Robert Pinget's *The Inquisitory*, translated by Donald Watson, has recently been re-issued in paperback (399pp. John Calder/Riverrun, £5.95, 0 7145 3911 2). *L'Inquisitory* was published by Les Éditions de Minuit in 1963, was a runner-up for the Prix Femina, and subsequently won the Prix des Critiques; this translation first appeared in 1966. The novel is in the form of an interrogation: the unnamed "inquisitor" asks questions of an old caretaker in a recently deserted house, and from the old man's answers — often evasive, contradictory or untrue — Pinget gradually builds towards an intriguing and sometimes alarming account of the house, its inhabitants and visitors, but also of the locality, a small provincial town, and the "daily doings, eccentricities and interests" of its community.

that he respected the dignity of man, and that the hidden message in his novels was how Romanian society might have stepped into the industrial age with more compassion, more efficiency, and less human waste. True or false, such a belief is important in itself: Preda's death represents a genuine loss of hope in Romania.

He himself thought that his huge (1240pp) and rambling last work was his masterpiece. I doubt whether it is, but in its mixture of the picaresque and of Stendhalian design, it manages to contain some powerful social criticism. Victor Petrin, a young lecturer in philosophy, is taken by surprise when the Communists come to power, and his life thereafter turns into the perplexed roaming of an ever-adapted innocent. He writes two books, one on Giordano Bruno, the other the project of a modern Gnosis; neither of them is publishable. He loses his position at the university, holds different odd jobs (white-washer of the town's trees, letter operator, public time in self-defence), and ends up twice in prison (once on trumped-up political charges, an episode described by Preda in all its sordid violence and abjection). He has several love affairs of some psychological complexity, but ends up on each occasion as a puzzled loser, although the novel concludes with a proclamation of love as the cornerstone of existence. He listens with interest to tales about Stalin's relations with the early Communist leaders of Romania, to narratives of intrigues among the ideological watchdogs of the country's literary life, to heated tirades against rural collectivization and socialist industry, to examples of tyrannical persecution of university students, to discussions of divine creation and Christian charity, but all this (unlike the Romanian readers for whom it was exciting material) is some of the best pages of the novel contain scenes of sweetly drunken conversation or such grotesque episodes as Petrin's employment as a municipal rat-catcher or his stay in a ward for the terminally ill.

The book lacks the monumental structure to which it lays claim, but some of its characters are memorable for their mixture of generosity and selfishness, such as the dentist-turned-philosopher Valinrub, or the philosopher-turned-journalist Ion Micu. Petrin himself is an attractive and intriguing figure, a latter-day socialist *Candide*, and the reader gets a strong sense of the confusion and the vague evil which pervades life in Eastern Europe and accompanied the historical changes which took place there after the war. In this respect Preda's success is considerable.

Dreadful delicacies

By M. G. McCulloch

JOHN BRODERICK:
The Trial of Father Dillingham
221pp. Marion Boyars. £7.95.
0 7145 2747 5

If John Broderick's novel were a detective story it would get off to a fine start. Clues are liberally scattered throughout: the first third of the book, but the puzzle is not that of a whodunnit; we must uncover, rather, the diverse flaws which have even, will afflict his characters in the future. Why, for example, is Jim Marlowe, who is to find that in his absence? What is in the phial which he has carried around Europe with him? And why is little Dope Hughes' lipstick smudged? These and many other questions are answered as Broderick guides us, around Dublin, around the house, which the central trio of characters, on the occasional excursion into the countryside, to visit the Hugh-

es's small house full of children or Grace Condon's large house empty of them — and, once, to Roscommon, for the funeral of the fourth tenant whose death is central to Father Dillingham's trial.

Some of the characters are well drawn: particularly the solid policeman and father of six, Greg Hughes, who conceals his understanding of the nature of Eddie Doyle's friendship with Maurice O'Connell because he respects both men and believes him ignorant; and Maurice O'Connell himself, whose bleak view of the world has not prevented him from loving Eddie and who, on his death-bed, proves to be the most generous of all. Some of the Irishisms are pleasing — "Isn't it well for you . . ." Dolly says to Eddie (though almost any of the characters could have said it to any one else). For all, to some extent, believe, the others to be happier or more fortunate, than they are. In reality, but some are not — La Keeley's lapses into "broad Mayo" from her habitual little too much like "stage-Irish". Broderick succeeds, however, in por-

traying a group of people whose kindly discretion in their dealings with one another is entirely credible.

But this is not a detective story. *The Trial of Father Dillingham* is essentially concerned with deeper mysteries, and the gentleness of the treatment of his characters degenerates into a confrontation of the philosophical problems which he poses for himself. Eddie is described as being "unaware that without gentleness cruelty would have little meaning", but Broderick allows his own delicacy to disguise the dreadful aspect of the subjects he is none the less determined to broach — vice, despair, death and the loss of faith. To find the solution to these problems in the ambiguity of human relationships, as Broderick does, is simply to dodge the issue. So, although we are not spared a catalogue of vices or descriptions of inner torment, our feelings are, finally, spared the palliative that Broderick offers us for the human condition is so bland that it slips down easily, leaving no bitter after-taste and certainly no ashes in the mouth.

Facing the music

By Peter Kemp

BRIAN MURPHY:
The Enigma Variations
265pp. Blond and Briggs. £7.50.
0 85634 118 5

Brian Murphy's *The Enigma Variations* is about a man so in tune with Elgar that he's out of key with modern life. For twenty-five years, bedevilled by a mysterious mental block, Elgar Upson, an American professor, has been trying to complete his *magnum opus* about the composer. Seeing Elgar as the elegant embodiment of a tradition that knew it was about to end, he has identified with him, letting his mind bask wistfully in the Edwardian sunset.

Then, as he reaches his fiftieth birthday, events catapult him out of this golden retrospect into the garish modern world. With musical symbols clashing loudly in the background, he is propelled among the discordant goings-on of a group of people similar or identical in name to those on whom Elgar based his own *Enigma Variations*.

Dora, an often doped and always dopey student engaged in a lesbian affair with a foul-mouthed bisexual called Isabel, is lured to a male student's bedroom in the middle of the night. Believing she has been invited round for a game of chess, she is dismayed to discover that this is really a sexual gambit and that it isn't check-mating her partner has in mind. Glumly acquiescing in his moves, she decides, next day, that what occurred was tantamount to rape, and denounces him.

Eliot, queasily chairing the resulting board of enquiry, feels, as unsavoury details emerge, that he is in "the very vestibule of Hell". Events soon push him even further into the inferno. His wife Anne, hitherto placid and respectable — starts to oscillate between febrile bouts of typewriting and nymphomania. By day, Eliot cowers apprehensively as his home resounds to the clatter of typewriter-keys and Anne raps out a novel of obscurely accusing intent about Elgar having an affair with a black male harpist. By night, he shrinks appalled as she ravenously strips and flings herself at him.

Meanwhile, on the campus, mayhem proliferates. The putative rapist is shot. Dora goes into a trance. A policeman strangely resembling the youthful Elgar is brought in to conduct enquiries. Eliot flees Anne and, for a time, hesitates between angelic Mary, an ex-student, and devilish Winifred, a mixed-up counsellor, traumatized by the Kennedy assassination ("She had

a terrible fear of being shot in the head. Getting through college as a grad school was very difficult for her").

Break-ups and break-downs accelerate. But there is one heartening turn of events. Pounded by shocks, Eliot's writer's block breaks apart. And as the novel ends, he is busily progressing with his book "musing on the soul embodied in Elgar's Violin Concerto" and receiving accolades on his rough-drafts. "It's strange as hell but, Elton, I guess I think it's magnificent".

Much concerned with "our" increasingly lost sense of humour, the novel manages to contribute to what it deplors. Most of its characters are scarcely-held-together by a sense of perspective and, with a sensitive understanding of the point of view of the period and even of British ideas about class, Robert Heussler is, indeed, steeped in his subject and has already written about Northern Nigeria and Tanganyika, as well as the makings of the Colonial Service.

Bemusingly inconsistent, the book is also littered with sections of popular homogeneity. The principle women, for instance, are put through a process of cloned apotheosis: Mary has "the substantial, splendid body of a goddess"; Isabel is "like some rich, languorous goddess"; Winifred is "a goddess who deserved the huge pulsing phallus of a young giant". Sexual encounters likewise fall into synthetically repetitive patterns, the novel working enigmatic variations on a sequence that involves making love, crying, and eating eggs. Isabel and Dora have sex after which Dora cries and they eat eggs. Benedict Eliot and Mary eat their eggs Benedict first, then have sex and cry. With Winifred, the foreplay is prolonged, and Eliot allows a little time to elapse between the *de rigueur* egg-breakfast and his return to have sex with her and cry.

Confusingly blurred together through these permutations, the characters are further rendered indistinguishable by recurrent stylistic motifs on the part of the author: Isabel is "incredibly dishevelled"; Winifred, "incredibly beautiful"; Dora's eyes are "incredibly round"; Eliot's life is "incredibly complicated". And they are all prone to the same speech impediment, a tendency to punctuate their talk with trailing pauses: "... um a music . . . major". "I'm feeling very . . . strange". "Please, Carol, . . . just be kind . . . to both of us". Even Isabel, generally remarkable for her terse coarseness, can succumb to fits of this dotty bestiality: "Bull . . . shit".

In writing *The Enigma Variations*, Brian Murphy explains, he has "taken some hints from Elgar's music". You'd need an inventive ear, though, to pick up any echoes of those plangent cadences in this novel's bizarre medley of broken themes and eccentric motifs.

Imperial episode

By Philip Mason

ROBERT HEUSSLER:
British Rule in Malaya
The Malayan Civil Service and its predecessors 1867-1942
356pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £22.50.
0 903450 49 6

This is a scholarly, well-documented book, in which research in the Colonial Office has been supplemented by interviews with surviving members of the Service, who have also contributed papers. The material has been assembled with a sense of perspective and with a sensitive understanding of the point of view of the period and even of British ideas about class. Robert Heussler is, indeed, steeped in his subject and has already written about Northern Nigeria and Tanganyika, as well as the makings of the Colonial Service.

The picture that emerges is in many respects familiar. The British assumed power in Malaya step by step, and haphazardly, with Whitehall — where even the Colonial Office were Little Englanders — giving up reluctantly to pressure from businessmen on the spot and local officials. There was first a colony of a few islands and a foothold on the mainland, then some Malay states linked to the colony individually by treaty, then a federation of states in which sultans and maharajas were still the nominal rulers, though this was a fiction increasingly ignored. But there were also unfederated states, rather more loosely tied in as they were shaken free from a nominal allegiance to Siam. Add to this patchwork — in which each patch had its own customs and traditions — the steady influx of peoples of quite different cultures, Indian and Chinese, who came in some areas to outnumber the Malays. To this mixture the Malayan Civil Service tried to give "a minimum, constabulary government in a poor colony under the tight and grudging control of a distant master". The mass of people benefited and, at least to begin with, knew this was better than anything they had known before; the hereditary rulers resented the loss of absolute power, which they had exercised in past times, and on the whole welcomed politely but did as they were bid. Malaya became rather a rich colony.

There are understanding and indeed affectionate portraits, notably of Hugh Low, who came to South-East Asia as an orchid-hunter, but laid the foundations of British rule in the state of Perak. He was adviser in name, actually the paternalist ruler, walking through the countryside and talking to everyone he met. He was a gradualist; it was no use, in his view, trying to abolish at a single blow slavery or the use of opium. He understood Malays; having lived for years with a girl from Sarawak, he gave soft answers to the Governor, the Colonial Office, and the

Sultan alike and went his own way, planting trees and gardens, studying Malay customs, quietly convinced that the careful choice of subordinates was the key to good government.

There was also the usual quota of eccentrics, among whom the most notable was Berkeley, the grandson of an earl, a former midshipman in the Navy, who contrived to remain twenty-seven years in one district, which he made into "a feudal satrapy", leisurely, traditional and rural. He "hated roads, machines, lawyers, money-lenders, and newspapers" and also, apparently, senior officers, since he stopped the Acting Governor from visiting him by reporting the destruction of a quite imaginary bridge, and staved off a resident in a motor-car by the simple device of blocking the road by an enormous tree.

It is a surprise to find how recently practices flourished in Malaya that in India had ended with the eighteenth century. It was only in 1900 that officers were formally forbidden to take part in trade and about the same time that they were relieved of responsibility for finding their own deputies when they went on leave.

It was a brief episode in the history of mankind, this period of British rule in the Malay peninsula, but it brought the Malayan villager some degree of unity,

a longer period of peace than he had usually known, lighter taxation, some security of tenure, some experience of benevolent and disinterested magistracy, the beginnings of local self-government and of such institutions as cooperative banks. It was an axiom that Malaya belonged to the Malayan, and if that saying was aimed by the British more often at the Chinese and Indians than at themselves, it did none the less carry the implication of temporary trusteeship, which is the moral justification for the rule of one people by another. It was accepted policy to prepare for self-government — though "no one thought much about it from day to day". It was a brief episode — but it was on the whole to the credit of that strange abstraction "the British", and that was because of the kind of men who chose as imperial servants, men who did on the whole quite often combine the qualities that Plato called "high spirited and philosophical".

Admirably free from academic jargon and over-conceptualization, sensible and yet sensitive though this book is, the reader must be warned that there are pages where excessive detail makes for heavy reading. Sometimes one feels that one has heard the name of every district officer in every district. If history is to rise to the level of art, the historian must be ruthless about the facts he throws away after use.

Bringing light

By Carmen Blacker

TAKATORI MASAO, AKAI TATSURO
and FUJII MANABU (Editors)

Zusetsu Nihon Bukkyōshi, an Illustrated History of Japanese Buddhism. Volume 1, Bukkyō to no Daei, the Encounter with Buddhism. Volume II, Nihon Bukkyō no Seirai, the Establishment of Japanese Buddhism. Kyoto: Hōzōkan.

Highly recommended to any student of Buddhism able to read Japanese are these two splendid volumes, covering the history of Japanese Buddhism from its introduction in the sixth century until roughly the end of the thirteenth century. Even those unable to read the text will find delight and profit in the numerous and excellent illustrations, both in colour and in black-and-white. These are taken from a wide range of sources; we find not only celebrated examples of Buddhist iconography such as the Yakushiji triad, and the Four Deities of the Tōdaiji, but also many scenes from the medieval *emaki* or scroll paintings, some of them little known and inaccessible. There are also mandalas galore, both of specific temples and

of esoteric Buddhist doctrine, iconographic drawings, aerial photographs revealing lost sites.

The volumes have the further advantage of deviating from the usual stereotyped account of the development of Buddhism in Japan. Such works have hitherto relied far too exclusively for their material on written records alone, giving us overlong discussions of Mahayana metaphysics which scarcely left the monasteries where the texts were deposited, and ignoring whole areas of important Buddhist practice because these had no texts to support them. Recent Japanese scholarship is rapidly redressing this distortion, and these two volumes reflect the welcome trend.

Thus, in addition to chapters which competently describe the principal sects and the personalities who propagated them, we have others recounting newer but no less important subjects. The chapter by Tanaka Hisao, for example, on the pacification of angry ghosts, describes a phenomenon which terrified the elegant inhabitants of the Capital in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and has by no means been entirely forgotten today. Likewise Mezaki Tokue describes another important but neglected phenomenon, the passion among the aristocracy of the twelfth century for making pilgrimages to remote mountain temples. Miyake Hiroshi gives an admirable account of the "Buddhism of the mountains and forests", of which little was known in the large monasteries, but which brought Buddhist comfort to villages who knew nothing of the Mahayana doctrine of the Two Kinds of Truth or the Three Bodies of the Buddha.

Yokoi Shō, again, covers a little understood area when he describes the peripatetic wanderers and dancers of the thirteenth century, and those who sacrificed their lives in ritual suicide for the redemption of other men's sins.

It is good that we can expect at least one more volume in this series, which no library boasting a Japanese collection should ignore.

Modern Chinese Stories and Novellas 1919-1949, edited by Joseph S. M. Lau, C. T. Hsia and Leo Ou-fan Lee. (578 pp. Columbia University Press. \$45.50. Paperback, \$19.50. 0 231 04202 7) brings together forty-four stories by twenty authors, spanning the thirty years leading up to the communist revolution of 1949. The volume includes brief biographies of the authors and an annotated bibliography of modern Chinese literature.

Glossing the image

By John Hurrell Crook

NGAPO NGAWANG JIGMEI and others:
Tibet
296pp. Muller, in association with Summerfield Press. £19.50.
0 584 97077 3

The Chinese masters of Tibet are currently engaged in a massive exercise to reverse the disastrous policies of the Maoist years and attempting some sort of reconciliation with the Dalai Lama and those numerous, and remarkably successful, communities of Tibetan refugees in India and other countries. This beautiful book of the "Buddhism of the mountains and forests", of which little was known in the large monasteries, but which brought Buddhist comfort to villages who knew nothing of the Mahayana doctrine of the Two Kinds of Truth or the Three Bodies of the Buddha.

Yokoi Shō, again, covers a little understood area when he describes the peripatetic wanderers and dancers of the thirteenth century, and those who sacrificed their lives in ritual suicide for the redemption of other men's sins.

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few monastic buildings or Buddhist shrines and places of worship remain. These matters are quite well documented and to their credit the Chinese are not hiding the facts unduly.

The texts accompanying the photographs are remarkable for their independence of spirit, suggesting an actual fostering of "provincial" pride and a resuscitation of a culture all but pulverized. The restoration of certain key temples in Lhasa and elsewhere reveals the extent of the reparation in progress. The chapters do not, however, offer much in the way of new information: there is nothing here to impress a Theologist of the traditional culture. As Mullins remarks, the scars of the recent past remain quite evident to a perceptive reader. There is no attempt at a social history of recent years and the chapter on Buddhism might be straight from a Western textbook on the subject lacking any reference to the current situation: One wonders too why this, alone among the chapters, had to be edited by a western expert.

Among the photographs it is tragic to note that several key buildings seem unoccupied, that the monks are elderly — no shots of smiling young recruits here, and the images have the staid air of a recent production or museum care rather than the dusty grime of living tradition. One needs to remember that only very recently has the open practice of Buddhism been once more permitted in Tibet and that the treasures in the Potala and in the Drepung and Tashilumpo monasteries are among the very few that remain in a land once uniquely rich in such wonders.

None the less this book is a startling document. It presents the case for the new Chinese policy in Tibet and wears a hopeful face. If it is indeed more than a propaganda document, heralding the advent of international tourism, then much of value for the Tibetan people could follow.



"Travelling down from the Khojak tunnel to New Chaman", an illustration from the Graphic, May 26, 1894, which shows a journey made on the inspector's trolley down a single track with a gradient of 1 in 35. The Khojak tunnel, opened in 1891, was at that time the longest tunnel in India: New Chaman was the end of the line, the last British outpost before the frontier with Afghanistan, and the terrain which had to be crossed in order to apply British Engineering Standard regulations included both mountain ranges and smidhills. This example of the pioneering spirit of the railway-builders of British India is taken from Railways of the Raj (118pp with 65 plates. Scolar Press. £7.50. 0 85967 658 7).

Serving women

By C. R. Boxer

RUDOLF DEKKER and LOTTE VAN DE POL:

Daet was Laatst een mekje loos. Nederlandse Vrouwen als matrozen en soldaten: een historisch onderzoek. 144pp. Uitgeverij Ambo, Baarn. 90263 0524 9

Two young Dutch historians have collaborated to produce a thoughtful study of Netherlands women who enlisted in male guise as soldiers and sailors, mainly in the service of the Dutch East-India Company (VOC) but also in the regular naval and military forces. Most of these women were soon discovered, or revealed themselves voluntarily, but others successfully retained their male roles for years on end. Rudolf Dekker and Lotte Van de Pol have selected their examples from between ninety and a hundred documented cases; but they realize that these may form only the tip of an iceberg. They discuss and

analyse the different motives which enticed these women, ranging from tomboy high-spirits to trans-sexuality and lesbianism (for some of them used their male role to wed with their own sex). The authors also describe the reactions of contemporaries, which varied from smutty amusement to the equivalent of "shock, horror" headlines in modern tabloid newspapers.

Those women who enlisted as men in ships bound for the East-Indies, mainly did so with the idea of revelling in their true role once they had reached Batavia, where white women were at a premium. The little of the book is taken from an old ballad narrating one of these exploits. Oddly enough, despite the sex, the frequency with which Dutch women enlisted as sailors and soldiers, no prints or engravings of any of them could be traced. The authors have therefore taken their illustrations from engravings depicting transvestites of other nationalities, including Anne Bonney, Mother Ross, Hannah Snell, Loretta Velezquez, and the Belgian Geertруд ter Brugge (1706).